The Bystander, January 25, 1911

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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photograph *Lallie Charles*

TO-MORROW'S BRIDE: MISS ESTHER WOODS

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Woods, of Swarland Hall, Northumberland, to marry Mr. Frank Ricardo at St. George's, Hanover Square, to-morrow (January 26)

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NEIGHBOURS UNKNOWN. By C. G. D. Roberts. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
CHATHAM: HIS EARLY LIFE AND CONNECTION. By Lord Rosebery. (Humphreys: 12s. net.)
THE PROFITABLE IMBROGLIO. By Adrian Hayter. (Duckworth: 6s.)
VIC VICTA. By A. E. Carey. (Greening: 6s.)
THE BLACK BOLITIONIST. By J. T. Bradley. (Greening: 6s.)
ENGLISH SECULAR EMBROIDERY. By M. A. Jourdain. (Paul, Trench: 10s. 6d. net.)
THE BOOK OF LOVE. By A. Ransome. (T. and C. Jack: 6s. net.)
STORIES FROM DANTE. By Susan Cunnington. (Harrap: 5s. net.)
MEDITERRANEAN MOODS. By J. E. C. Flitch. (Grant Richards: 12s. 6d. net.)
HOUSEHOLD ADMINISTRATION. Edited by Alice Ravenhill. Grant) Kichards: 5s. net.)
EGYPT AS WE KNEW IT. By E. L. Butcher. (Mills and Boon: 5s. net.
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THE GREAT EXPERIMENT. By D. C. Harding. (Long: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE OLDEST MUSIC ROOM IN EUROPE. By J. H. Mee, M.A., Du.S.M (Lane.)
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HOW TO SKI. By V. Caulfeild. (Nisbet: 4s. 6d. net.)
A DRAMA OF THE TELEPHONE. By R. Marsh. (Digby, Long: 6s.)
THEO. By a "Peer." (Long: 6s.)
MIDSUMMER MORN. By R. H. Forster. (Long: 6s.)
THE SEARCH FOR LOVELINESS. By G. R. Hamilton. (Long: 2s. 6d. net.)
THERE IS NOTHING NEW. By Victoria Percy. (Elkin Mathews: 1s. 6d. net.)
CARNATIONS, PICOTEES, AND PINKS. By T. W. Sanders, F.L.S. (Collingridge: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE CHANT OF THE STONE WALL. By Helen Keller. (Hodder and Stoughton: 2s. 6d. net.)
NOBLE DAMES AND NOBLE MEN. By John Fyvie. (Constable: 10s. 6d. net.)
SEA YARNS. By J. A. Barry. (Chambers: 3s. 6d.)
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The World's Pageant

The King's Head on the New Coinage

At Windsor

GUESTS, chiefly of a diplomatic, political, and official variety, are being entertained at Windsor this week, among them some Cabinet Ministers, Count and Countess Benckendorff, and Count Albert Mensdorff. Lord and Lady Ilchester have also received the Royal Command, and Lord and Lady Minto will probably journey to Windsor some time during the week.

Ireland and Scotland

Though there is still talk of Queen Alexandra crossing the water after the Coronation, it is improbable that the King and Queen will be able to pay an official visit to Ireland until next year, when, *vide* Mr. Redmond, "the Veto will be dead, and England, Scotland, and Wales will be considering the details of a Home Rule Bill for Ireland." We shall see! Scotland, however, is to be more fortunate, an official visit to Edinburgh, when a Court and a Levée will be held at Holyrood, having been announced for July.

The Opening of Parliament

The King and Queen, who are expected at Buckingham Palace next Tuesday, make their first State appearance since their accession at the opening of Parliament on the following Monday. The progress to Westminster is, of course, to be made in the great State Coach, all glass and glitter, that, I think, the third George had designed, and, though the Queen will be in the deepest mourning, her many diamonds, the ermine mantle of State, and the blue riband of the Garter, not to speak of Her Majesty's fair hair, will all help to give light to the picture.

Half-Mourning

Peeresses, by order of the Lord Great Chamberlain, are to wear half-mourning at the opening of Parliament. Most of them, however, remembering the extreme effectiveness of the all-black robes worn at King Edward's first State appearance at Westminster, are ordering the same again, as nothing else affords so splendid a background for jewels, or looks so well against the scarlet robes of the peers and the gilt of the Gilded Chamber.

Political Hospitalities

The usual Ministerial dinings and winings that precede the State Opening of Parliament will have to be short, and, by the same token, also, let us hope, sweet this year, as they must take place on Saturday, and it goes against the Liberal conscience to be still carousing on a Sunday morning. For the Opposition, Lady Lansdowne is, as usual, entertaining at Lansdowne House, while Mr. Balfour has a dinner for men, and for the Government it is quite a change to find that Mrs. Asquith (who, instead of resting on her Law Courts honours, is busily winter-sporting herself at Murren) will receive in Downing Street after the Prime Minister's dinner "for men only."

Photograph *Gale and Polden*

Photograph *Cousins*

MILITARY ENGAGEMENTS: GENERAL; CUPID VICTORIOUS

Captain the Hon. Maurice Brett, M.V.O.

Who is engaged to Miss Zena Dare. Her portrait appears on page 179. Captain Brett, second son of Viscount Esher, is in the Coldstream Guards

Viscount Chelsea

Earl Cadogan's eldest surviving son, who is engaged to Miss Coxon. Her portrait appears on page 163. Lord Chelsea was for some years in the 1st Life Guards

"When We Came Into Office"

While Mrs. Asquith was giving with such *éclat* (and an epigram thrown in) her "turn" in Mr. Justice Darling's Court last week, the Prime Minister of England sat in a comfortable chair at the Athenæum Club and chuckled (I saw, I mean, heard him) over his wife's evidence as it came in off the tape. It seemed to afford him nearly, if not quite, as much amusement as it did the rest of the world (which, enticed by the "Society Slander Suit" posters, bought its evening papers by the million), and there was more than one who smiled at the "When we came into office," which was Mrs. Asquith's way of saying "When my husband became Prime Minister."

Revelations

Mrs. Asquith's disclosures with reference to the Foreign Office reception lists confirm suspicions that must have occurred to anyone who has ever attended

these functions. The whole matter, it appears, is left to the discretion of such minor stars in the social and political firmament as the Foreign Office secretaries, these gentlemen adding to their own selection a hundred or so indicated by the wife of the Prime Minister and by Lady Lansdowne. These last, it may be mentioned, always keep themselves very much to themselves, as the saying is, and generally, as the evening wears on, disappear, but whether to the private apartments or elsewhere is not apparent.

"Chops and Tomato Sauce"

To criticise a K.C. is a somewhat fearsome task, as one never knows he may not one day be one's enemy's — or one's own. I do, however, cautiously dare to suggest that Serjeant Buzfuz has had his day before a British jury. Not that Mr. C. F. Gill is really a Buzfuz. But he has lately, on more than one occasion, taken the flamboyant line without effect on the jury. "This is a sham case," he said, apropos West *v.* West, and he would not call one witness, not even Sir Algernon himself. This might have succeeded in some cases. Mr. F. E. Smith adopted it with success in the trial of Le Neve. But in Mrs. West's case there was from the first sympathy with the plaintiff, and this was, probably, sharpened by Mr. Gill's somewhat maladroit attempt to construe "loss of hospitality" into terms of cake and tea. Everybody knows that, in high Society, those things, as served nowadays, count for less than nothing. If, as the Judge remarked, it had been a City dinner——.

Photographs *Sport and General*

The Marquis Shoots while the Marchioness Yachts

Lord Londonderry shooting on his estate at Mountstewart, County Down, Ireland

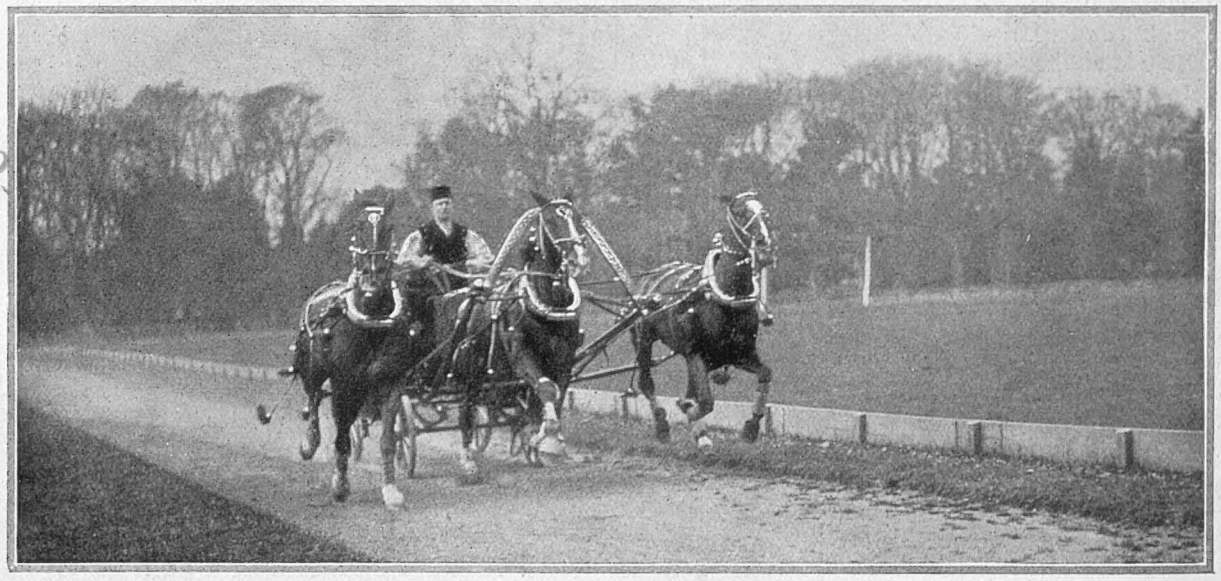
Lady Londonderry at the helm of her yacht, the *Red Rose*, on Strangford Lough

Darling's Success

The Judge in question is, by the way, veritably a Darling come to judgment. Nowadays, despite his witticisms, he is recognised as one of the soundest "common-sense" Judges on the Bench, and his summings-up have been masterpieces of clear reasoning, as well as truly delightful to listen to. He has no need to insist on "Silence in Court." Eager anticipation secures it for his Lordship in advance. But it was not so long ago that the elevation of the M.P. for Deptford to the Bench was laughed at as one of Lord Salisbury's blazing indiscretions. Known chiefly as a platform comedian, what sort of man was this to entrust with judicial functions? Well, we know now. Once again, the humorist is proved the best judge. Is it not a fact that to have the sense of humour means the possession of, first, imagination, and, secondly, of human sympathy, and, thirdly, of the power of sharp phrase? When the enterprising joker, as Sir W. S. Gilbert would say, isn't joking, he's—judging, and judging very well.

Cecilian Foresight

Talking of Lord Salisbury's selections, what a marvellous lot they were, when one looks back upon them. Had the nephew one-half of the uncle's eye for the right man in the right place there would be to-day no wailing over organisation. How well he chose his great Cabinet of 1895: Chamberlain the Colonies, Goschen the Admiralty, Gorst Education, Beach the Treasury, and himself Foreign Affairs.



Photograph] **Mr. Walter Winans Driving a "Troika," Showing the Russian Method of Driving Three Horses Abreast** *[Rouch*

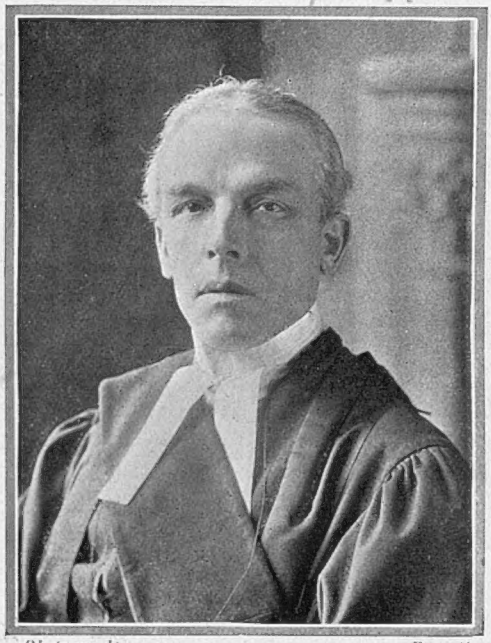
The track in the picture is at Surrenden Park, Mr. Winans's home in Kent. Mr. Winans, it is perhaps unnecessary to remark, is one of the greatest trainers of horses in the world. He was educated at St. Petersburg, in Russia

THE CAUSE THAT HAS HAD THE EFFECT OF DRAWING ATTENTION TO SOCIAL EXTRAVAGANCE AND EXCLUSIVENESS!

Mrs. West, Successful Plaintiff

Photograph *Haines*
Sir Algernon West, Defendant

Mrs. Horace West last week brought a sensational slander action against her father-in-law, Sir Algernon West. She asserted that by reason of statements made by Sir Algernon to persons of position, she was deprived of invitations to which her position entitled her. Among the witnesses were the Lord Chamberlain (Earl Spencer), Mrs. Asquith, Lady Grove (a prominent Suffragist), and Mrs. Eric Hambro. Eloquent pleas for either side were made by Mr. Duke, K.C. (for the plaintiff), and Mr. Charles Gill, K.C. (for the defendant), and Mr. Justice Darling's summing-up was a model of judicial skill. After an hour and ten minutes' consideration, the jury gave the verdict to Mrs. West, naming £1,000 as damages for the words spoken to the Lord Chamberlain by the defendant and £250 for those to Lady Grove



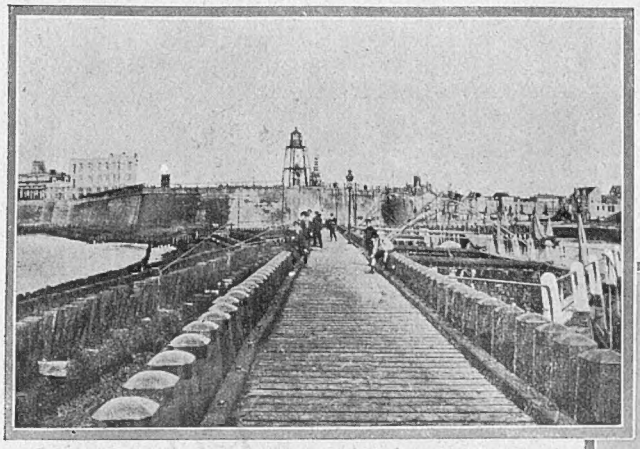
Photograph *Russell*
Mr. Justice Darling
Whose summing-up in a case of extreme delicacy was as sound as the keenest lawyer could require

Mrs. Asquith
The Twelve Good Men and True who Decided that Mrs. West had been Slandered

Mrs. Asquith may be seen seated below the jury-box. The Premier's wife contributed some entertaining evidence during the course of the case. "Extravagance," she said, "is a passport to Society." Apropos of this epigram, Mr. Gill, K.C., who defended Sir Algernon West, quoted a passage from *The School for Scandal:*

SIR PETER: "Although my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I will not be ruined by your extravagance"
LADY TEAZLE: "Extravagance! I am no more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be"

He sent Milner to Africa, Curzon to India, Ingram to Fulham Palace. Captain Middleton was at the Central Office, and as Chief Conservative Whips, Akers-Douglas and Sir W. Walrond, at all events, were never charged with confining personal acknowledgment to M.P.'s of blue blood and cutting others.

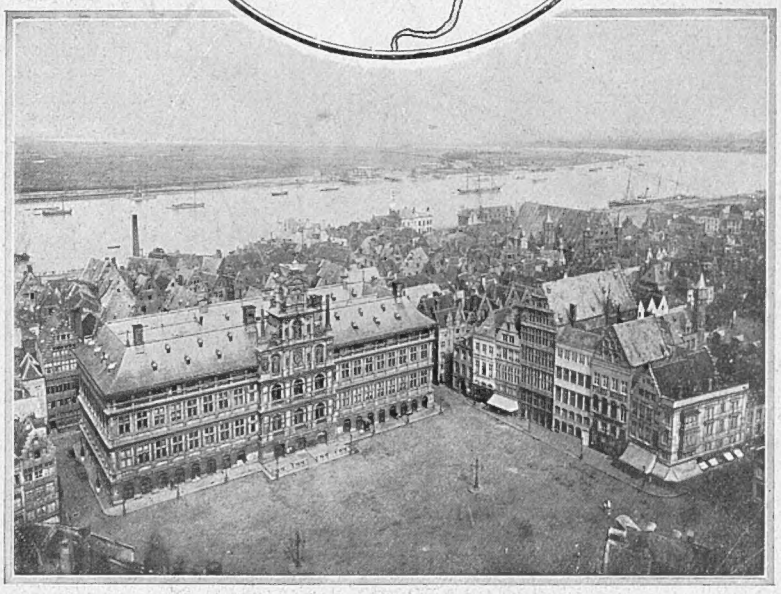


Flushing: General View of Landing-Stage, Showing the Boulevard Van Af't Hoofd

THE WATCH ON THE SCHELDT: The threatened cutting off of Antwerp by Forts at Flushing

Flushing: The Front, Showing Typical "Villas" and the Grand Hotel

Sketch Map, Showing Relative Positions of Flushing and Antwerp and River Scheldt



Antwerp: General View, Showing the Docks

The most dangerous diplomatic controversy of the moment is over the threatened fortification of Flushing by Holland, at the alleged instigation of Germany. Such an action would close the Scheldt to British warships, and thus cut off Antwerp from our support should Belgian neutrality be violated

A New Way with Rebels

I remember an acquaintance in Parliament who had ventured to speak against the party. To-day, such an offence would be censured by a short note of complaint in the third person. In the old days the Whip would have quietly taken him by the arm and assured him, in the nicest possible way, that he really had made rather an ass of himself, and after the remonstrance my friend would be of the same opinion.

Club Opinion

It is a pity that Mr. Balfour, whose leadership no true Conservative disputes, cannot, somehow, hand over the mere management of the party to someone with closer knowledge of men's ways and thoughts. That, any way, is the unanimous opinion of the Clubs.

Watch Flushing!

The face of my foreign affairs expert (to whom I referred last week) has grown at least two inches longer. From Bagdad he has flown to Flushing, and his eagle eye is now on the fortifications there. The German diplomatic game, he says, is as clear as daylight. Bagdad is merely a roundabout road to Holland. Pretending she was going to the East, Germany got Russia to walk with her; then, having got her companion nicely side-tracked, she turned suddenly back, to face France and England over a question in which Germany herself holds the advantage. Flushing is either a place to be fought for or run away from. To England and to France, a closed Scheldt would be disastrous. To ourselves because it brings the "pistol at the heart of England," formerly Antwerp, appreciably closer. To France because it shuts off all chance of British sea-defence of Antwerp in the event of a German advance *viâ* Belgium.

Settle Now!

If the Dutch fortifications proceed, we are certainly faced, at no distant date, with vital danger. Many men are asking whether it has not now come to the point of "talking to" Germany in terms of hard steel. We must know exactly what is the end of her present policy, and either to agree or disagree as to whether she shall have anything or nothing.

Engaged to Viscount Chelsea

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS MARIE COXON

Daughter of Mr. George Coxon, of Craigleith, Cheltenham, and niece of Lady Buchanan-Jardine, Lady Elliot, and Mrs. Bell Irving. She is engaged to Viscount Chelsea, Earl Cadogan's heir, and is well known in London and Dublin Society as a lady of decided beauty, versatile talent, and vivacious disposition

A Real Bogey

The fear of trouble with Germany is really at the root of all our national inanition. It has affected the nation's mind like an attack of nerves. The thought that every enterprise started, every effort of the intellect in politics, art, literature, or science, may be blown to pieces at any moment makes opportunists and cynics of us all. One feels like a fiddler, and one fiddles. Perhaps some of those critical people who complain of poor drama, poor music, poor books, lax interest in religion and politics and other big things, combined with minute attention to trivialities, will one day learn the real reason. It is *fear of war*. Give us a Universal Peace Treaty, and England will become another place. But to secure peace—well, you don't cut down your Estimates, my good Peaceful Radical friends!

Photograph Lafayette

Sir Henry and Lady Ripley (née Miss Dorothy Harley, Daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Harley), of Bedstone Court, Shropshire, who were married on January 17 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

The Return of the Prodigal

One of the most interesting of Mr. Wells's new set of mixed portraits of politicians is that of "Mr. Evesham." "Wickedly perverse," Mr. Wells describes him, "and wickedly unscrupulous in the use of his subtle mind. Without hot passions, but filled with interests, fine affections, and indolences." I hear that no one enjoyed looking at this portrait more than Mr. Balfour, who was discovered on more than one occasion studying it in the garden of his hotel at Cannes.

February Balls

It is not quite the thing to give balls in Lent, even in Protestant England. Nevertheless, several hostesses are doing so, among them Mrs. Burn, the only daughter of Lord Leith of Fyvie, and Lady Ranfurly, who is entertaining for her daughter, Lady Eileen Knox. In the four weeks that elapse between the opening of Parliament and the beginning of Lent quite a lot of dances are arranged, hostesses who have already issued invitations including Lady Radnor, Lady Altamont, Lady Fitzroy, and Lady Gertrude Cochrane.

A Successful Ball

Lady Desborough's ball at Taplow Court was the biggest country gathering of last week, its chief feature being the positively bewildering array of *partis* gathered in by this cleverest of the hostesses for the occasion. Several future dukes were there—among them Lords Granby, Stafford, and Titchfield—while Lord Hugh Cecil (without whom no country house-party is now complete), Lord Compton, heir to the Marquisate of Northampton, Lord Anglesey, Lord Winterton (no longer of the *World* worldly, at any rate in an editorial direction), Lord Desmond Fitzgerald, Lord Vernon, Lord Wendover, and the future Lord Harlech were all included in a long list of dancing men which numbered over a hundred.

A London Dance

Almost the only entertainments given in London last week were the Duchess of Manchester's big dinner and little dance, which, in an impromptu, telephonic, "Come and dance" fashion, celebrated not only the Duke of Manchester's recovery after an operation for appendicitis, but also the début of her American Grace as a London hostess. Over in Ireland the Manchesters, as people call them, entertain a lot in a decidedly Anglo-American fashion at Kylemore, but in London, perhaps because the late Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester was such a prominent hostess, the Duchess of Manchester has not until now entertained at all.

Unheard, Yet Not Unseen

While Mrs. Surbiton-Subbubs reads the startling account of the scandalous increase of "Mormonism in England" (as reported in the *Daily Mail*), Mr. Surbiton-Subbubs falls asleep

BY A. K. MACDONALD

Right to left: Marquis of Titchfield, Mr. Alexander, Earl Manvers, Rev. Cyril Walker, Mrs. Upton, Miss Brodhurst, Miss Barrow, Captain Hume, Lady Sibell Pierrepont

Caramba!

"Donner und Blitzen"—carefully explained the *Evening News*, apropos *The Times* correspondent's imaginary German General—is, in English, "Thunder and Lightning." Alas, that such explanations should be necessary! Still, one never knows what some people may be found thinking—on first impressions.

OUT WITH THE RUFFORD

Right to left: Earl Manvers (Master), Lady Cicely Pierrepont (centre), Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, Mr. Alexander

The Critic fra' Sheffield

Last week I spoke of the uniform cordiality with which correspondents had couched their criticisms of our short stories. Now comes the shattering blow—from Sheffield, anonymously, on a postcard!

"If your journalists can only write 'sex' stories, we can only conclude that you are a bonny lot on THE BYSTANDER!... What is required is a mass of unanimous public opinion to starve a few of your literary swankers out of existence."

We carefully proved, and to the satisfaction, apparently, of most of our correspondents, that our story writers do write of everything else besides "sex"—and of that but very rarely. My friend must have missed the issue in which we raised the subject. Perhaps it was sold out before he got to the bookstall at which he usually turns us over.

Photographic Poses

"*Mr.*" *Punch*—(isn't it time he got a baronetcy or peerage?)—implores the guests at shooting-parties to pose more interestingly, and offers a suggestion. I quite agree. But my heart goes out to the poor photographer. If he "snaps" Society men and women in interesting attitudes, as formerly at race meetings, he gets put out; if he snapshots them standing still in groups, and looking prim and pretty, he gets "*Punch*"-ed. What *is* he to do?

Photographs *Howard Barrett*

At Frog Abbey Wood: Earl Manvers and F. Capon Calling Hounds out of Covert after a Blank Draw

"SEX AND THE SHORT STORY"

Winner of £3 3 Prize for Best Letter

The Editor begs to announce that he has awarded the above prize to

THE REV. GLYNN DALRYMPLE, ILAM VICARAGE, ASHBOURNE.

whose letter, published in our last issue, is judged to be the most valuable criticism, from the view alike of art and public interest, sent in by a reader of the paper. (Authors whose opinions were published had not, of course, been invited to compete for this prize.)

NEXT WEEK the Editor will summarise the opinions received, and will then give his own views on the whole subject, announcing, at the same time, the general principle on which Short Stories will henceforth be considered for publication in "The Bystander."

An announcement of interest alike to writers and to readers may be looked for.

A second selection of opinions by readers, writers, and editors appears on pp. 185-188.

A Desborough Début

Photograph *Swaine*

THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL

The eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Desborough, who is shortly to make her début

Frenchmen to the Fore

MEN WHO ARE HELPING TO MAKE HISTORY FOR OUR NEIGHBOURS

The Duc d'Orleans

Who was, last week, the guest of the King of Spain in Madrid. His arrival in Spain caused world-wide political interest, and it is not improbable that, at the instance of the Duc d'Orleans, Spain will intervene in Portugal's affairs, now in such a parlous state

Photograph *Gerschel*

M. Briand

The French Premier, a sensational attempt on whose life was made in the French Chamber last week. The would-be assassin, a man with an imaginary grievance against M. Briand, only succeeded in slightly wounding an official

The Man of the Moment in Paris

M. Pichon, the French Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in his bureau at the Elysée. His speeches have been so pacific and tactful that they have quite disturbed the serenity of the Wilhelmstrasse, which, it is said, was rather hoping that France would indulge in "nasty remarks" at the expense of her Russian ally, and thus pave the way for further Potsdam overtures. M. Pichon's speech on the Dutch defences also caused no little stir

Royal Sportsmen Differently Mounted

PRINCE ARTHUR HUNTS THE FOX; PRINCE WILHELM THE ELEPHANT

Prince Arthur of Connaught Going to the Meet of the York and Ainsty at Poppleton

Prince Arthur is a keen rider to hounds, and has recently been hunting with the York and Ainsty, the Bramham Moor, and other packs. What a fillip would be given to foxhunting, by the way, were a Royal Prince ever to become a Master of Foxhounds

The Crown Prince in India: Upon an Elephant he has Shot

Prince Wilhelm has had the time of his life in India as a sportsman, and has been shooting all kinds of game, big and small—and, as everyone knows, it is so educational to bowl over elephants

On the Riviera: Gossip from Monte Carlo and Nice

Sensational Gambling

If report speaks true, the most sensational win ever known in the history of the tables has just been made by an Englishman named Captain de Courcy Bower. The sum netted at the time of writing is no less than two hundred and ten thousand pounds. The figures were furnished me by no less a person than the gallant Captain himself! Considering the magnitude of the win, which has been made in less than a fortnight, the lucky gambler seems to take his good fortune with a nonchalance that is essentially British. He declared to me that his sole "method" of gambling is to play with the bank's money—in other words, he never stakes more or less than one thousand francs per *coup* of his own money. Should a run come he lets his stake accumulate until the maximum is reached, and then continues playing maximums until the run breaks. The other afternoon he tumbled on to a run of twenty on red! He plays nothing but trente-et-quarante himself, but has an *employé* who plays roulette for him, staking on nothing but twenty-seven and the *quatre premiers*. Curiously enough, in such a gossipy place as Monte, very few people know of his extraordinary luck, which, of course, quite overshadows that of the once famous Mr. Darnborough.

At the Races

If anyone had wanted proof of the success of the Riviera season so far he should have been at the Grand Prix at Nice. The crowd beat all records, and one had literally to fight one's way back to the grand stand after a visit to the paddock. Though Viel-Picard's stable was much fancied for the race, everyone expected that fine old horse, Blagem II., to repeat his performance of last year, but he was just beaten by his stable companion, Cheshire Cat. In the enormous crowd it was almost impossible to "spot" notabilities, but I managed to catch sight of people of such varying degrees of notoriety as Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, Mr. Tod Sloan (whose French licence is, they say, to be returned to him), Mr. Cunliffe, Mr. Cunnington, M. Guitry, M. Camille Blanc (who is not in luck just now), the Maharajah Holkar of India, M. Letellier (the proprietor of the *Journal*), Baron "Jimmy" de Rothschild, and Mr. James Hennessy.

Rink'ng at Nice

Roller-skating is now to be the "smart" thing in Nice, judging by the inauguration of the new Imperial Club in the Parc Imperial, at which all the fashionable world of Nice and his wife were present. There are two rinks—one in the open air and one covered in—and membership of the Club is to be made by no means an easy thing. That famous polo-player, the Baron de St. Marc, is President, and proposes to arrange several big fêtes during the season. Polo, by the way, has begun at Cannes, though, at the time of writing, no big matches have been played.

King Carnival Dethroned

The Triumph of Feminism is to be the main feature of this year's Carnival, for King Carnival is to be quite a secondary person. He will, indeed, be found at the washtub, while his Queen will be enthroned in a car of state, with the reins in one hand and a cat-o'-nine-tails in the other. She will be attended by her Cabinet Ministers, while the poor King will have but four lackeys to wait upon him, and these will be occupied with domestic duties. The Carnival procession, by the way, promises to be specially fine this year, and now that the fine weather has come back to us there should be no lack of ammunition for the battles of flowers.

PUZZLE—FIND MR. BALFOUR

A MOUNTAIN RANGE IN PERSIA WHICH SUPPLIES A SILHOUETTE OF MR. BALFOUR

A few weeks ago the face of the German Emperor was found most distinctly silhouetted on a mountain in South America. Now, near Shiraz, in Persia, a range called the Ruh-i-Surgh, has been discovered to display very distinctly the outline of Mr. Balfour's profile. The Unionist leader, by the way, is now at Cannes, and spends the best part of his time on the links

A Queen Among Swordswomen

THE BARONESS DE MEYER

This exceedingly able, and withal particularly graceful, fencer, the Baroness de Meyer, is a pupil of Mimiague, of the Sword Club. Both last year and the year before she fought her way into the final pool of the Ladies' Amateur Championship—a proof that she stands quite in the front rank of fencers. She relies for her success at the art mainly on defence, with a strong parry of sixte and riposte

"THE NEW MACHIAVELLI"

MR. WELLS'S NEW NOVEL READ FOR THE FIRST TIME. By ROBERT ROSS

A Great Piece of Literature

By the time these words appear every daily paper will have told the story of *The New Machiavelli*. But diners-out must be warned that this is a book to read, not to talk about. You will not be able to depend on reviews; for it will soon be discovered that you have not read the story by those who have. To say that it is "not quite nice" will hardly carry you further than the soup. Animadversions on Mudie and the possible attitude of the *Spectator* will hardly last beyond the fish. These warnings are only necessary for the intellectually rushed. No one who takes up *The New Machiavelli* can lay it down for longer than a few minutes. The most jaded novel-reader will realise that this is no ordinary work of a brilliant writer, from whom we expect more or less brilliant things. It is a great piece of literature, the importance of which we are at the moment almost too near to appreciate. The subject, at once so modern and universal in its appeal, is not unlikely to overshadow the beautiful style of the writer—a model narrative style uncomplicated by the meretricious phraseology of the modern epigrammatist. A recognition of the mere writer comes afterwards, at least in England.

Photograph *Russell*

Mr. H. G. Wells

Author of "The New Machiavelli" (Lane: 6*s*.), which Mr. Robert Ross reviews on this page

Every Man M.P.

Our emotions are excited by themes, not ideas. Richard Remington, if not every man, is Every Man M.P., and the moral which Mr. Wells would inculcate is that we should not murder the man with ideas on the altar of conventional morality. The hero of Mr. Wells, realising what his creator is aiming at, commits social suicide. He chooses love among the ruins, and leaves the reader dazed and amazed that such a sacrifice should be made. I do not know if Mr. Wells meant the character of Isabel to be so attractive that you would supply the excuses he omits for Remington. If so, Isabel is a failure. But I shall have to decide on a second reading. It seems more probable that Mr. Wells knows that great men have always fallen, in a sexual way, by ignoble instruments and for unworthy objects. Homer was obliged to make Paris rather ridiculous in order to engage our sympathies with Helen. No one can forgive even an intellectual Delilah who destroys Samson. The main theme of *The New Machiavelli* may be compared with the prohibited play *Waste* of Mr. Granville Barker. But the novel gives greater opportunities to the artist, and of these, needless to say, Mr. Wells avails himself. Like Tolstoi, he is always the essayist—testing, probing, and playing with theories. We have what is practically a commentary on the history of the last fifteen years.

The National Liberal Club

If Radicals and Socialists are able to rejoice at Remington's merciless examination of Conservative principles and false ideals about the South African War, their pleasure will not last very long; for Remington develops into a Tory, or, rather, into a new politician of the type designated the New Machiavelli. Few will doubt that Mr. Wells believes that is the type which will predominate and dictate terms to the Tory party in which alone there is salvation. "I used to go to the National Liberal Club to doubt about Liberalism," says Remington. "Most clubs have a common link, a lowest common denominator, in the Club bore who spares no one. The National Liberal bores are specialised and sectional." That is the mildest of the criticism about Liberalism. Socialism, too, is weighed in the balance and found wanting. "The cant of Imperialism was easy to learn and use; it was speedily adopted by all sorts of base enterprises and turned to all sorts of base ends. But . . . my mind was now continually returning to the persuasion that after all in some development of the idea of Imperial patriotism might be found that wide, rough, politically acceptable expression of a constructive dream capable of sustaining a great educational and philosophic movement such as no formulæ of Liberalism supplied."

A Possible Birthday Book

Cambridge, the Evangelicals, and a great many other institutions, people, and types, are lashed with the vigour of an Erasmus. There really ought to be an index to the novel, and someone could make a delightful calendar or birthday book out of *The New Machiavelli*, the most various novel that has appeared since *Vanity Fair*. It may be safely prophesied that 1911 is not likely to produce another literary sensation of so permanent a kind.

ROBERT ROSS.

Monsieur L'Agent

THE PARIS GENDARME ACCORDING TO H. M. BATEMAN

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

AN attempt is being made by the better-class furriers to limit the trade descriptions of furs to quite a few intelligible ones corresponding somewhat with the truth. Take rabbit, for example. A wicked furrier might sell rabbit as black fox—though it would be a black-foxy thing to do!

* * *

A good furrier would catalogue rabbit as follows :—

Actual Description.	*Trade Description.*
Rabbit.	Ostend Coney, or Sable Coney.

The idea is that you would feel happier in a sable coney coat than you would in a mere rabbit-skin.

* * *

Now for my point. With Parliament opening again so soon, why should not the better-class politicians try to limit the descriptions of Cabinet Ministers to a few handy ones? Take Mr. Lloyd George.

* * *

The better-class politicians would be content to catalogue him as :—

Actual Description.
Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Party Description.
Welsh Attorney, or Cymric Mountebank, or Socialistic Demagogue.

At elections they would allow themselves to add a few poetic touches—such as "Scurrilous Little Englander," or "Non-conformist Traitor."

* * *

But there won't be any elections for a month or two, we do hope. Set a good example. Mr. George might consent not to go beyond "Our Useless Peers," in referring to the Ducal Party.

* * *

What an excellent idea the All-British Shopping Week is! Keen patriots are already saving their money up, so that their wives may buy them some All-British cigars during this eventful period.

* * *

Ladies whose men-folk are apt to be niggardly when the purchase of new frocks, hats, and knick-knacks of all sorts are announced, will, I trust, be able to shame these misers by the single phrase, "Little Englander!" upon this great occasion.

The Memorial Problem: A Fishy Solution
A petrified whale erected as a centenary memorial to Kaiser William the Great in Wurtemberg

An application has been made by motorists that the old toll gate in Dulwich should be removed, as it is apt to be in their way. London lamp-posts and the plate-glass windows in shops are often a great nuisance, too.

* * *

Folkestone authorities are offering a prize for an aeroplane which can alight on the water and rise from it without assistance. Dover should offer another for a dirigible balloon that could be used as a submarine if necessary, or tacked on as a second engine in front of an East Coast train.

* * *

American golfers threaten to break away from the British game, on the ground that the Royal and Ancient has disallowed the use of the Schenectady putter. I have often threatened to break away myself, and take up croquet.

* * *

Royal Garden-Parties at Buckingham Palace are likely to be one of the features of this season. Informal as garden-parties always are by comparison, no one—not even a Labour Member—should attend these in a bowler hat and flannels.

* * *

Historians will be interested to note that King Manoel spent his first day in Richmond motoring and walking about. On this point the reporters were all agreed. He did not hang the pictures in his new house.

* * *

Dog-lovers who blamed the police for poisoning the bulldog that kept watch by its master's body should remember one thing to the constables' credit. They did not call in the Scots Guards to destroy the beast.

* * *

An Amsterdam scoundrel has shown his anger with the Dutch Government by defacing Rembrandt's "Night Watch" in the Museum. If our own Anarchists would only adopt this method—starting on our statues. There is, also, the present Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery.

Prunes, Prisms, and Precision

"How tall am I, Miss Smith?"
"Not quite forty-five inches, dear"
"But how tall am I?"
"I told you, dear, not quite forty-five inches"
"Really, Miss Smith, you don't seem to grasp what I'm saying. I didn't ask how tall I wasn't"

BY LEWIS BAUMER

London Nights Entertainments

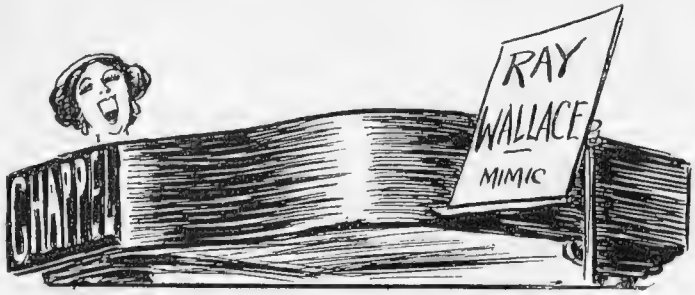
BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE PALLADIUM

THE Palladium is a nice, roomy house of entertainment, designed, I believe, to supply refined and wholesome amusement in large quantities, and at cheap rates. One of its first triumphs has been the securing of the services of Miss Edyth Walker, fresh from her success at Covent Garden. On the evening of my visit Miss Walker had a most enthusiastic reception, and it was clear that she was singing to a keenly appreciative audience. It seems to me that if managers of other houses will follow the example of the Palladium and engage leading operatic singers from time to time there may be a chance that the public will, in due course, be educated up to the advisability of supporting grand opera when it it is produced by enthusiasts. On the other hand, the point is not without its argumentative aspect. Mr. Beecham is reported to have recently said that his experience shows that no one wants grand opera in this country. In that case, I respectfully ask, why go on trying to foist it on us? Musical people, I know, are satisfied that a love of music exercises a wholesome and refining influence on the individual; but I should like to have the chance of demonstrating to three places of decimals that quite the contrary is the case as a rule. I think musicians ought to get one of their expert debaters to prove that grand opera is a good and useful thing before they start complaining that the supply is so far in excess of the demand. I think the debate would be rather exciting.

The opening features of the entertainment that evening would seem to show that the Palladium management believes in the force of contrast. The first turn was supplied by "The Venetians," who were a lady and gentleman with obviously well-trained voices. They sat in semi-darkness and sang to us, while magic-lantern effects took place on a screen behind them. They began with a very nice rendering of "Ora Pro Nobis," in which they were assisted by a concealed choir; while pictures of cathedral interiors and snowed-up graveyards and other extremely solemn scenes followed one another on the screen. The performance was very delicate and nice, but it gave one a distinct impression of being at church. The contrast was supplied by a gentleman who followed, Mr. Billy Williams, described on the programme as "the man in the velvet suit," chiefly because he wears a suit of that kind. His song had a lively chorus to the effect that a number of young men were "all waiting for a girl." Mr. Williams laughed a good deal as he sang the song, so that it is clear that the humour of this kind of ditty is not yet quite exhausted.

An extremely acceptable contribution to the entertainment was supplied by Mr. Martin Harvey and his company in a sketch entitled "The Conspiracy." It is an exciting little story about a King in trouble. The nobles of Polavia have decided to declare a republic, or something of that sort, and the question comes up for discussion as to whether it is their duty to kill the deposed King or let him go free. The meeting being divided in opinion, the very intelligent course is taken of throwing dice to decide the matter. After all, the verdict of the dice is just as likely to be as reasonable as the deliberations of the average politician. One man who favours the regicide throws seventeen, and if you have ever played the subtle game of throwing for pennies with those slippery cubes, you



Sketches at the Palladium by Norman Morrow

will no doubt agree that this figure is a very troublesome one for the next man to beat. In fact, I think I should pay up myself and start fresh.

Then comes a very dramatic moment. Just as the King's champion is rattling the dice-box in the hope of working a miracle, there is a knock at the door, and in walks His Majesty himself—King Konrad of Polavia. He is dressed in military uniform, with a helmet that looks partly like that of a French cuirassier and partly like the sort of thing that Julius Cæsar must have worn on Sundays and holidays during his justly celebrated Gallic wars. King Konrad (Mr. Harvey) says he has been caught in a storm, and hopes he is not interrupting a pleasant game. Then Baron Brunfels, the same being Mr. Charles Glenney, a very fine declamatory actor, informs His Majesty in the course of a few distinctly personal remarks, exactly what is taking place.

onrad, who gives you the impression of being ry much bored by all this frivolity, says the fact he had got wind of the conspiracy, and has had e house surrounded by two hundred soldiers, id what are the conspirators going to do about it?

As the conspirators have nothing in the way of a novelty to suggest, Konrad gives them a friendly ad. Half of them will sit on one side of their board-room table, and half on the other. They will throw in turn, and the losers will walk outside and be shot. Just that. Many of the conspirators are very poor losers. They whine for mercy, and apologise with quite a depressing volubility. Then Konrad explains his little joke. The fact is, there are not any two hundred soldiers outside at all. The King didn't et caught in a storm; but having been somewhat abruptly pushed off his throne he made a run for it in the best kind of weather that happened to be going. He has, therefore, much pleasure in asking for a glass of wine, and in placing himself at the disposal of those who desire his bright young life. Naturally, a plain, straightforward challenge of this kind brings its usual reward. The conspirators shout a loyal welcome to their King, and promise to cut a way back for him to the throne of his ancestors.

An entertainer of great merit is Mr. George Mozart, who gives what are described on the

programme as "thumbnail sketches of every-day life." It has for a long time been an accepted proposition that you cannot make bricks without straw; but Mr. Mozart's performance seems to me to make the proposition at least a debatable one. He walks on the stage in hat and gloves just as if he had met us in the street, and begins to chat in a familiar way about the people you come across in the course of a walk. He also gives imitations of them and their manner of walking, the imitation of the lady in the hobble-skirt being wildly funny. There is nothing in the entertainment to suggest that it has been carefully mapped out beforehand, and perhaps its amazing appearance of spontaneity is the secret of its success. Mr. Mozart kept us in a roar all the time. JINGLE.

Sketches at the Palladium by Norman Morrow

WOMAN—THE MOTHER OF ANARCHY!

THE REAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR RECENT EAST END EVENTS

[The Editor declines to allow his life to be endangered by any enmity this article may arouse. Whatever is to be said for the writer's facts, we do not necessarily endorse his deductions from them]

WE are recovering—albeit slowly—from Houndsditch hysterics and the slaughter saturnalia of Sidney Street.

It is not surprising, then, that through the mental fog which enshrouds us the sapient writer alone should perceive the true inwardness of the Anarchist in our midst. In a word, he would not be here but for Woman.

This may smack of the dreadfully obvious, for even an Anarchist must have a mother; but the point is that it is the modern Englishwoman of the upper and middle classes who is mainly responsible for the Anarchist at home—so very much at home—in Merrie England.

In Anarchy, as in every other form of disturbance, it is a case of "spotting the lady," as the three-card tricksters put it.

Start in the Garden of Eden, and travel down the avenues of time, and you will find that every bloody landmark of battle, murder, sudden death, and revolution has been erected by or to the (comparative) honour and glory of Woman.

Sometimes the influence is direct. Does the Anarchist risk death and torture for the sake of an abstract principle or for the mere lust of killing? No; in the background there is always a woman. And such a woman! Ugly—at least to our unseeing eyes—ill-formed, sallow, sunken-eyed; but of a terrific and enslaving physical attraction.

Sallow Sappho of the sweater's den, Circe of the toil-twisted back—there you have the driving force behind the murderous Anarchist. It is not the man, but the woman, who thirsts for tribute of blood.

* * *

There is also the indirect influence of Woman on Anarchy; and now let me try to link up my lady of Mayfair, madame of Suburbia, with the aliens—dangerous and otherwise—of Houndsditch and Stepney.

Woman is responsible for nine-tenths of the sweating that goes on in London—in the world, for that matter. Where her personal adornment is concerned she is merciless and conscienceless. Tell her that her ball frock has been stitched together with blood and tears, that the buttons on her "tailor-made" have been sewn on by fleshless fingers bared to the bone by unending toil, and she will put you down as a bore or a half-cracked Socialist.

Tell her that the victims of her vanity, her economic *un*morality, are mainly women, and she will be rather pleased than otherwise.

The fashionable woman does not care what she pays, but she wants indefinite credit; the middle-class woman pays cash, but wants something impossibly cheap; between them they put a premium on sweated labour.

The alien seamstress can best meet that demand. She can live on a gherkin and a morsel of bread a day. The Englishwoman cannot do so. And so the aliens flock into this country, knowing that there is a market for their labour—a market created by Woman.

It is useless to point out to a woman that, by encouraging the alien, she condemns thousands of her country women to destitution. Confront her with 2s. and 1s. 11¾d., and no considerations of patriotism, morality, or decency will induce her to expend the extra farthing for the benefit of her own race. Now, your male Anarchist usually hates work as the devil hates holy water. Still, he must live, and his easiest means of subsistence is the sweated alien women of Soho and the East End. And thus my ladies of Mayfair and Cricklewood combined bring the Anarchist to London and enable him to live there.

* * *

Woman's flaunting luxury develops the Anarchist. He spends much of his time in the parks, spouting or listening to spouters. There he sees the fashionable women lolling in their carriages or motor-cars, or shuffling along in their hobble-skirts.

He has a shrewd idea what these women pay for their clothes, and he knows what his mistress gets for button-holing, stitching, sewing, or hemming them. The knowledge infuriates him—not on moral grounds; your Anarchist is always actuated by impurely personal motives. But he reflects that an extra farthing a jacket, an extra farthing a dozen petticoats, would not make any difference to them, while it would mean an extra gherkin or two for *him*—Lubi or Marie is only a woman, and does not need to eat like a man. There, of course, he is mistaken—I mean in regard to the extra farthing.

Woman is not going to pay it—catch her!—and shopkeepers are not in trade for the benefit of their health. Disappointed in his visions of gherkins *galore*, the Anarchist gets mad.

* * *

Formerly, in this country at least, the Anarchist contented himself with frothing at the mouth when the police weren't looking; but here again his recent murderous outbreak is traceable to Woman.

In the old days the Anarchist landing here had one thing impressed upon him above all others—that was, respect for our police. Ten years ago any Anarchist who had talked of defying the police would have been handed over to the authorities by his comrades as a dangerous lunatic. P.C. X.Y.Z. was sacrosanct.

Then came the Suffragettes. Volodyovski or Michaelovitch saw his revered police successfully defied by a handful of women, prodded with hatpins, slapped, and pinched. He did not appreciate the forbearance of the police in the least. He simply saw Anarchy beyond the wildest of his vodka-haunted dreams, and he came to the not unreasonable conclusion that law and order no longer mattered here.

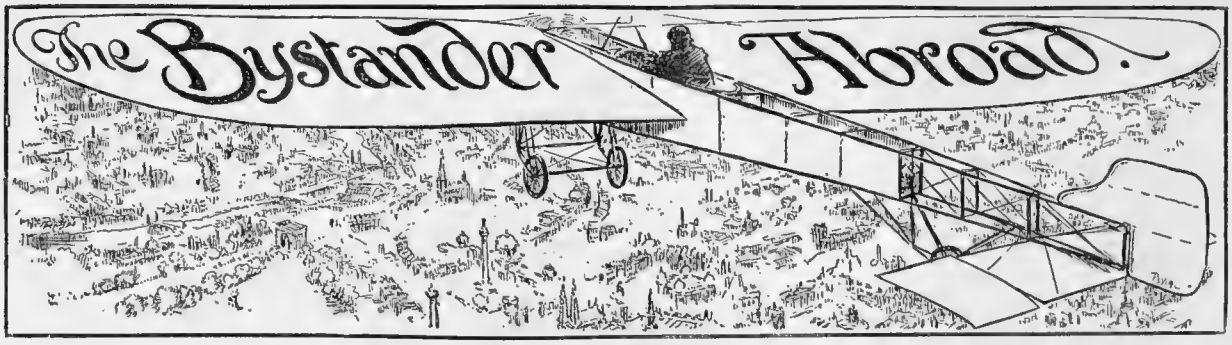
It may seem a far cry from the Suffragettes to "Peter the Painter," but in truth it is not. The death warrant of the murdered policemen was signed in Caxton Hall.

N. W. F.

"Beauty draws us with a Single Dare."—POPE ADAPTED.

Photograph] MISS ZENA DARE [*Rita Martin*

Who is engaged to be married to Captain the Hon. Maurice Brett, M.V.O., Coldstream Guards, second son of Lord Esher, "the Viscount with a title like a sneeze." For life history of the retiring young couple and a selection of their relatives, see daily Press



The Bystander in Berlin

By Our Own Correspondent

GERMANS far excel Englishmen in their zeal for self-improvement, in their chase after learning, in their unquenchable thirst for useful facts about foreign countries, commerce, and culture. Best of all is this shown in their ardour to acquire the English tongue, and to acquire it with a cheapness never dreamed of by the sumptuous Englishman. Even the thriftiest Briton or Scot will join a class, or at least bang saxpence upon "How to Speak German in Three Days." But the youthful German's only recognised handbook is "How to Learn English for Nothing." He attains this end by forcing unsuspecting Britons to become his involuntary teachers. You meet him, innocent-faced youth, at some musical *soirée* or feminine "Kaffeeklatch," and are struck at once by the way he takes to you, and by his flattering admiration for England. "I loaf everything Englisch," he gushes. From that day he is your friend. He pays you a weekly visit, goes to the same concerts as you, practises his English on your weary ears, and regards you as his best friend. And suddenly some day you wake up to the fact that his English has become much better than your own.

Germany has a magnificently active "Sprachverein," or "Language League," which annually spends a tremendous amount of energy—and even a certain number of pfennigs—on keeping the German language pure, and spreading it among the Gentiles. By teaching German free in all quarters of the world the German holds he is helping German commerce, and spreading Germany's glory. In Antwerp, Budapest, Tiflis, Moscow, and many other cities of outlandish speech, industrious Germans, or groups of Germans, voluntarily give free lessons to benighted natives. And the natives, who (being human) refuse nothing when it is offered free, rapidly learn the German language, and tend to become Germany's commercial vassals.

These patriotic German exiles do so much good for their country that some enthusiasts even hold that the Government should subsidise them. The enthusiasts point out—and this is true—that in Europe German has long superseded English as a trade language, and that it is now superseding French and Italian as the *lingua franca* of the Levant. In the Far East alone does English still reign absolute among non-English-speaking races. But now a patriotic Herr Schroeder is giving free German lessons in Shanghai; and in ten years hence pidgin-German will be as common on the West Pacific Coast as is pidgin-English to-day, all of which is excellent for Germans. But by analogy the youthful German, in his thirst for linguistics, imagines that every wandering Briton also gives free lessons. Wherever the Berlin Bystander goes he is hailed by ambitious young men who want to know the right way to pronounce "Dreadnought," "Cholmondeley," "sheathe," "entoperipheral," and other indispensable words.

A Possible Cause of the Austrian Emperor's Recent Cold

His Majesty taking a sleigh drive near the Capital, thus exposing himself to bitter winds not likely to benefit an octogenarian. Though Francis Joseph is a wonderful advertisement for the strenuous life, his advisers wish, now that he is eighty years of age, he would be a little less Spartan

There lately appeared in the *Frankfuerter Zeitung* a paragraph reporting the advice of a Cologne Oberhochschulmeister named Schulze to some of his pupils who were visiting France and England. "Above all," counselled Dr. Schulze, "get practice. Get into conversation. Never be at a loss for a subject. Argue! If a Frenchman says it's a fine day, answer, 'No; it's always finer in Germany.' That will provoke a discussion which will exercise your vocabulary and syntax. The French are a polite race, and like to hear foreigners speaking their beautiful tongue. And so are the English. If you happen to sit opposite an Englishman in a train, smile at him and say something agreeable." The Berlin Bystander was not surprised to read next month that train murders are becoming painfully frequent in Western Europe.

Paris Topics

By Our Special Correspondent

It was an agreeable surprise to M. Brisson's many friends to see him again in the official capacity he has enjoyed for so many years, for few expected his re-election. M. Brisson is popular, respected, and trusted by all, but he is now an old man. Yet his Radicalism is unquestioned, which, as I pointed out last week, is not the case with his brilliant opponent, M. Deschanel.

Whilst waiting this week at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra for a quarter of an hour before daring to cross, I recognised among the passers-by the ex-Shah of Persia and his wife, he wearing a soft felt hat and she a smart Parisian toque with as much grace as if she had worn a hat all her life. I looked for the ex-Shah at the opening of Parliament, but possibly he was afraid of recognition, and that his holiday in the French capital would be brought to an untimely end.

"PENNY BLOODS" IN PARLIAMENT

An Extraordinary Exhibition in the German Reichstag

A section of the staircase of the Reichstag, lined on both sides for a distance of seventy metres with a marvellous collection of "Penny Bloods," printed in all colours of the rainbow. The picture above is one of the exhibits, the inscription calling attention to the fact that millions of the poorest working-class in Germany buy and hoard up these atrocities

A little while ago a Russian paper said, "There are no ruffians in the streets of London because they are all in the House of Commons." I wish the writer of that article had been in the French Chamber last week, and that those who write so bitterly about the Billingsgate manners of some of our Members could also have been present. It would have taught them how thankful we ought to be in England for so many of our mercies. THE BYSTANDER correspondent was seated in the Tribune des Ministres, when shortly after three two revolver shots were fired. Someone had fired at M. Briand, missed him, and hit the Directeur of the Assistance Publique, who was seated by M. Briand. M. Mirand is not a *député*, but it is the custom here in France that when a subject is to be discussed the great authority on that subject should sit beside the Prime Minister and give him special information if he requires it — a very good plan, surely, but from the expert's point of view, in the present standard of marksmanship in France, not a very comfortable post. This gentleman's visit to the Chamber to-day was scarcely fortunate for him! It was extraordinary to see how calmly everyone took this act of cowardice. We were all turned out into the hall, where we had, as the attendant wittily remarked, "half an hour's *entr'acte*." Several *députés* congratulated M. Briand on his lucky escape, and the latter got up and spoke brilliantly, as if nothing had happened. M. Briand is the only *député* I have heard this afternoon. The French Chamber has been like a very disorderly class of schoolboys, and it seems wonderful to me that any work is done at all. M. Brisson rang his bell twenty times. No one took the slightest notice, and each speaker was so interrupted and hissed and clapped that it was in possible to follow the subject at all.

M. Pichon's statesmanlike speech has not allayed the fears of well-informed people among his own countrymen. Everybody admits that he has said the thing that had to be said under the circumstances, but there is a strong under-current of anxiety, and the Russian reputation for diplomatic honesty is not higher in Paris than anywhere else. An ex-diplomatist pointed out to me that M. Isvolsky is in Paris, and not at St. Petersburg, and that perhaps M. Sasonoff wants to *épater* his country with a new policy. However, M. Pichon is not likely to be deluded by his own words, and the confidence in his "acuteness" is universal. One of his greatest qualities is that he has no tendency to have a "swelled head" or any desire to make people compare him to M. Delcassé. He, at any rate, has not tried to *épater* his countrymen with a new policy. The triple *entente* was good enough for him, and he has, loyally, modestly, and skilfully, developed it on the lines of his predecessor's policy. By not trying for too

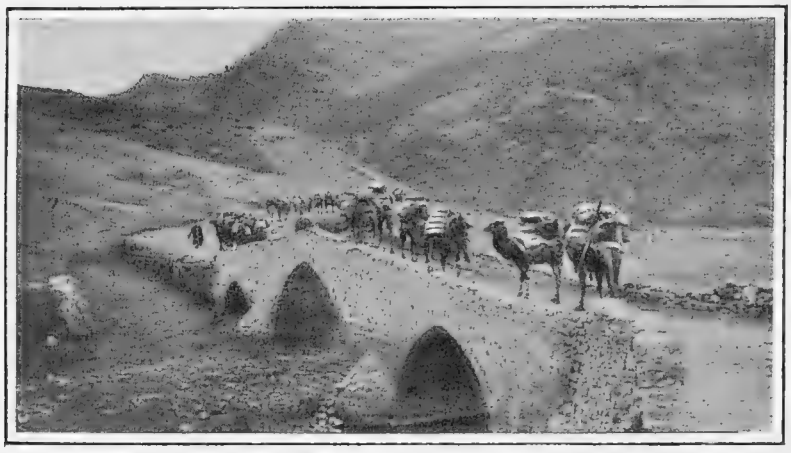
much or trying to go too quickly he has kept the reins well in hand.

I am more than ever struck with the bad effect of the attempts to create panics about Germany. They wonder more than ever in Paris why, if we are in such terror, we don't adopt Conscription like other nations instead of letting the world get the impression that we are a nation of cowards, which Frenchmen are quite agreed we really are not. Even as I write a Cabinet Committee is sitting at the Foreign Office, composed of the Ministers of Marine and War and Finance, to give effect to M. Pichon's references to national defence.

Germany can no longer count on Austria-Hungary, in spite of what M. Pichon said respecting the Triple Alliance. Nobody in diplomatic circles at the present day regards it as an efficient weapon for attack. Hungary cannot be counted upon at the present moment, and the same applies to Italy. To detach Russia from France has long been an ultimate object of German foreign policy, and it looks to me as if France has begun to have the same feeling about Russian support as Germany has about the support of her allies. I have the impression from conversation with a very high personage in French diplomacy that France is now about to place her naval and military armaments on such a footing of perfection that she will be able to hold her own in any event.

People in Paris are much puzzled about the Bagdad Railway question. The general impression has been for years in Paris that, like the squaring of a circle, it would never be solved. To the lay mind its importance seems to be gone since the route to Salonika has been closed by the resurrection of Turkey. Germany wanted an overland route for her goods right into the heart of Asia, tapping all the markets of its diverse populations. The Bagdad Railway was to be a sort of continuation of the Turkish Central line, which is already in Austrian hands, and Germany, without any control of the sea, would have had control of the Western Asiatic markets. Russia has, it seems, come to her help in exchange for something similar which she wishes to do in Northern Persia. Nobody, however, seems to be quite clear as to what the two Empires have been concocting between them, but there is a vague apprehension that this is the thin edge of the wedge, and that France and England have both been shunted in the interest of a new Russo-German venture.

The Bridge of Boats across the Tigris at Mosul, a point midway between Aleppo and Bagdad. No doubt it will be replaced by a more up-to-date structure



Camels carrying luggage over a bridge in the Taurus mountains (old style)—unlikely to be seen by the railway tourist of to-morrow

IN THE WAY OF THE BAGDAD RAILWAY

Some Picturesque Anachronisms

Photographs *L. N. A.*

A Kelek, or skin raft, on the Tigris, which has been in use for four thousand years, and is represented in antique Assyrian sculptures. Will it survive the onslaught of pushful Teutonism?

Why Couldn't They Leave It Alone?

IN AND ABOUT BAGDAD, NOW THREATENED WITH GERMAN "CULTURE"

The Local Idea of a Tram. Period Unknown, but probably after Hammurati

Camels as Railway Porters: Arrival of a Fig Transport at a Station on the Bagdad Railway

Photographs

A British Steamer on the Tigris at Bagdad. (It is refreshing to know that we are not unknown to the natives)

E. N. A.

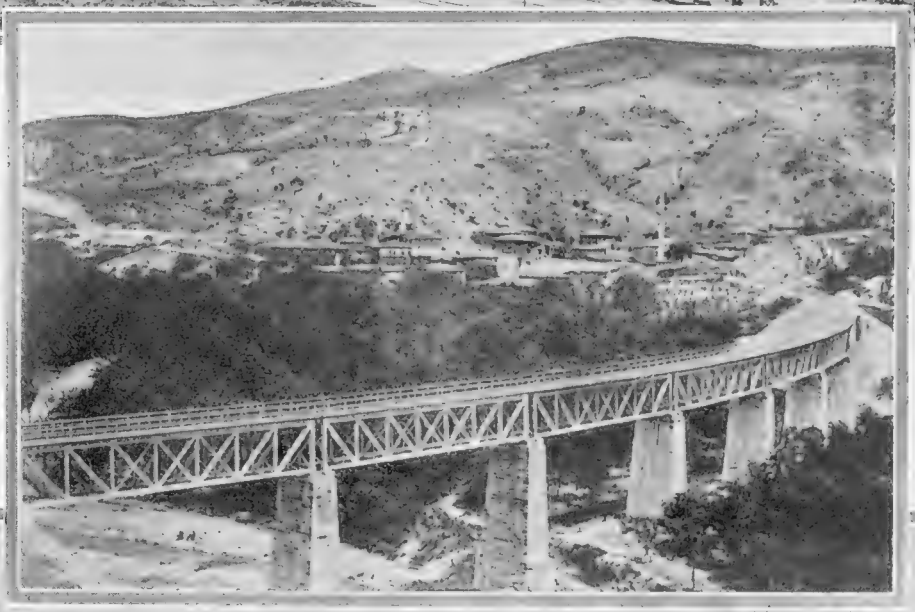
The Famous Pontoon Bridge at Bagdad

Photograph *Underwood*

The Guffas, or Circular River Craft, Made of Leather, a Characteristic Feature of Tigris Navigation, mentioned by Herodotus

Bagdad Railway: Some Typical Views

A Village between Ismid and Eski-Chehir, showing Railway Line, Station, and River



A Bridge between Haidar Pasha and Ismid

Photographs] [*E.N.A.*

Where You Will Join the Train for Bagdad

The station of Haidar Pasha, opposite Constantinople, on the Asiatic side, showing rolling stock. The railway proceeds thence direct across the Peninsular of Asia Minor to the Taurus Mountains, where it is being continued across the "hinterland"—the Euphrates and Tigris valleys—(famous in Scripture as Mesopotamia) to the ancient capital of Assyria. Ultimately, it is hoped by Germany to carry it to the Persian Gulf at Koweit, but there arises the difficulty with Great Britain, who claims control at that end of the line

More Opinions of Well-known Authors

[The Editor invited the opinions of many eminent writers on the question: How far is it necessary for art or for popular interest that a short story should contain a "love" or a "sex" interest? Below is a further selection of those received, many of the writers being familiar as authors themselves of "Bystander" Short Stories, and therefore personally concerned in the discussion.]

MR. E. F. BENSON

MY opinion is that it is perfectly unnecessary to have any love interest in order to make a short story absorbing. Love interest is repeated *ad nauseam;* and I would always read a short story (or begin it) in a magazine if a notice assured me that it contained no such topic.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC

I have only written one short story in my life, to call a short story, and in that (so far as I remember) the only things that appeared were a priest, a flood, a volcano, a number of savages, and the moon. There was no love interest in this short story, and nobody read it; but I do not suggest cause and effect.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN

There is no tenable reason from the standpoint of art why a short story should contain a "love" or a "sex" interest; many of the very best short stories in the English language are without it. As regards the popular point of view, it is probably true that a "love" interest helps indifferent work to "go down"; but first-class work will compel the attention of any public that is worth considering quite apart from any such assistance.

"LUCAS MALET" (MRS. ST. LEGER HARRISON)

I venture to think the fact that some of the very finest short stories, in both the English and French languages—namely, some by Mr. Kipling, Alphonse Daudet, and de Maupassant—are without any so-called love interest, proves that this element is *not* necessary, either to the beauty or popularity of a short story.

If the writer has sufficient talent his subject-matter is of secondary importance. The verdict of the public will always, I believe, eventually be in favour of the finest work. But for that verdict the writer has often a rather wearily long time to wait.

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

I do not agree that a disproportionate place is given to sex in modern short stories. Sex—I use the word not in any unpleasant sense, but to denote broadly those relations between men and women in which the passion of love has been, is, or may be the determining factor—runs through all life, civilised and uncivilised. All the great writers of the past have seen that human character can be most poignantly displayed when under this influence, which alone reveals the real man or the real woman. The two other forces which chiefly govern human conduct—religion and money—have no such revealing power. To say that one is tired of the presentation of sex is to say that one is tired of the presentation of human nature. De Maupassant is, I suppose, the acknowledged master of the short story, but what would be left of his writings if all element of sex were eliminated? Some of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's short stories, I admit, are free from this theme, but they are not the stories which one remembers most clearly. It requires a writer of his peculiar temperament, possessing also a background such as he possessed in India to make stories about politics, engineering, machinery, business, and so on, without any admixture of what publishers call "love interest." And his finest books, "Plain Tales From the Hills," etc., were full of the influence on character of sex. Thomas Hardy, whom I regard as the greatest living writer of short stories in English, has rarely attempted to dispense with the factor of sex. Indeed, I would even go so far as to say that sex is an ultimate fact, and as such must have its place in every true presentation of human life and character. Your correspondent might as reasonably object because an artist, when painting a portrait, invariably gives his sitter two eyes, a nose, and a mouth.

"DEREK VANE"

Personally, I do not think it necessary that a short story should contain either a "love" or a "sex" interest; there are many other equally interesting things in the world—battle and murder and sudden death, for instance. At the same time, a story with a sex problem should be written with the same sincerity as any other kind of story; that is, the truth should be told unhesitatingly when the truth is necessary to make a picture complete. It is the *superfluous* development of the unpleasant which, in my opinion, is objectionable and inartistic. Every true artist is justified in trying to "paint the thing as he sees it." Indeed, it is his only excuse for inflicting more books upon a patient world.

MRS. BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

In my experience the stories which create most sensation, cling to the memory, and stand out most clearly are those dealing with episodes and emotions that occur to the minority and are chosen for their dramatic, bizarre, occult, or otherwise uncommon interest—love and the sex element being conspicuous by their absence.

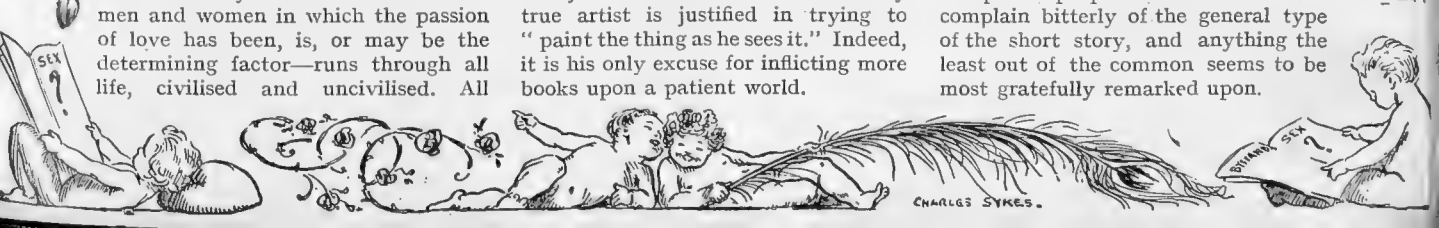
Still, these subjects, being common to us all, are *primâ facie* bound to be of universal interest; and in a magazine containing many short stories it seems as if there should be more than one treating of the mainspring of life—love; while, where only one piece of fiction is published, it may well scale as many heights, sound as many depths, and reach as many corners as possible, the lighter side alternating with the darker—now, the tickle of a feather—then, the grip of an iron hand! Why not take your readers' votes from both standpoints—Art and Interest—during the quarter or half of a year? The voice of the people is the voice of the Editor!

MISS MARJORIE BOWEN

I am entirely of opinion that the "love interest" has been absolutely overdone in all branches of fiction, and that, instead of being the most, it should be the least frequently treated of all themes, because it is the most intimate of the passions, the most unconvincing in portrayal, and at once the most difficult and the easiest of all subjects.

To write even a moderately good short story is extremely difficult, and cannot be achieved by the unpractised or unskilful author; but he can always put together a love story as good as his neighbour—and does, to the misfortune of the public; the trivial courtship of ordinary people under trivial circumstances cannot prove interesting unless handled with the most unusual art; and the tangled affections of married people are a subject that has no more real hold on the attentions than the gossip of a talkative woman.

Very few men read such stories at all, women only because they come easily to their hand; the most commonplace people will be heard to complain bitterly of the general type of the short story, and anything the least out of the common seems to be most gratefully remarked upon.



MR. RUDOLF BESIER

I am a pretty wide reader of short stories, and if I were asked which seemed to me the most perfect specimens of their kind from the works of modern English writers, I should point to five which I read with undiminished pleasure over and over again: to "Youth," by Joseph Conrad; "They That Walk in Darkness," by Israel Zangwill; "The Star," by H. G. Wells; "They," by Rudyard Kipling; and "Matrimony," by John Trevena. Of these, only the last named—and I have read no other study in love more profoundly beautiful and pathetic—contains any "sex interest" at all. The other four, each in its own way, are quite as perfect as John Trevena's story, though they traffic in other matters than the love of a man for a maid.

As to whether a "love interest" is necessary from the standpoint of popular interest, I suppose the most widely read stories written in recent years are "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" and "The Adventures of Captain Kettle." So far as I can remember, the passion of love scarcely ever played a part in the chequered career of either of these two worthies. Sherlock Holmes was a confirmed bachelor, if not a misogynist; Captain Kettle had a wife tucked away somewhere, and flirted occasionally; but cut the sex out of his adventures, and I don't think they would suffer in popularity.

Well, the inference is clear enough. A short story can be just as fine artistically, and just as popular, without "sex interest" as with.

MR. JAMES BLYTH

The well-worn question which "Saunterer" raises as to what is proper to be published as a short story, having regard to the extreme susceptibility of the elusive "young person," and the somewhat too obvious puritan, is one which it is futile to discuss. The cult of "Saunterer" holds the opinion that a thick external coat of whitewash is the treatment indicated for sterilising a septic sepulchre. The opposing cult believes that it is better to let in the fresh air and daylight, both of which are hostile to malignant germs.

The two schools have no common ground of argument, any more than a devout Catholic and an Agnostic. Each school contains unworthy members. There are individuals who would cry "Shocking!" at Ibsen's "Ghosts," but who would snigger complacently at the suggestion of nastiness which may sometimes be found in modern musical comedies, or even in modern pantomimes.

On the other hand, among "Saunterer's" adversaries there are those who commend stories which seem to be written not for the purpose of illustrating a phase of real life, of painting temptation and resistance or temptation and fall with earnest purpose, but for the sake and with the intention of exciting the passions—of creating the same effect as the "suggestiveness" already mentioned.

Assuming both opponents to be worthy and sincere, it is, as I have said, impossible for them to come to an agreement.

There are two great motive powers in the world. One is the instinct for self-preservation; the other is sex. Of course, there are side instincts—such as generosity, self-sacrifice, etc. But the two main vital influences are self-preservation and sex. Love—whether licit or illicit—and hunger and thirst dominate the world. Let "Saunterer" buy or borrow a cheap history, and learn how many wars, how much diplomacy, how many battles, murders, and sudden deaths have arisen from love. The great national movements have been caused by national desire for self-preservation, for self-expansion for the sake of self-preservation, or, in many cases, by love of man for woman.

Surely "Saunterer" must know that dynasties have been changed and mighty battles lost owing to the influence of passion.

Is it reasonable to thrust this mighty power on one side—to taboo it as "improper" for the sake of a few purblind and ignorant persons, who doubtless mean well, but who can only see nastiness or wickedness in that stupendous natural force—the force of sex?

"CURTIS YORKE"

From an artistic point of view, I am quite sure that it is not necessary that a short story should deal with love at all. Many of our best authors' finest tales—Kipling's, for instance—have nothing to do with love.

From the standpoint of popular interest, however, I think that a well-written love story always—or nearly always—commands a large circle of readers of both sexes and all ages.

"Love interest" and "sex interest" do not mean at all the same thing. A curiously morbid class of novel has become popular among certain readers, which is known as the "sex-problem" novel; most of us who have glanced at the startlingly "undraped" revelations of such publications know that such things may have happened, perhaps; but it is not either pretty or edifying to read about them. There is an old Persian maxim which says: "Do not tell all that you know, lest you may tell more than you know." And the writers of the "sex-problem" novels are apt, one fears, to tell rather more than they know—or than any averagely clean-minded person wants to read about.

Personally, I think that most of us are—to use a graphic slang expression—pretty well "fed-up" with sex problems. They are not healthy, and certainly not nice. Nor is the unnecessary study of their variations beneficial either to young or old.

It is not to be denied that there is a certain class of mind that enjoys such literature. But I do not think it is a class of mind that ought to be catered for in public journals or general libraries.

Sex problems are only to be treated in fiction—if at all—by the hand of a master. When they come from the pen of an amateur they are singularly ghastly.

A successful short story should embody some unusual or original episode, treated tersely, cleverly, and cleanly. Also, it is not bad advice that someone has given somewhere: "Write your short story as it comes to you. Then cut off the beginning and the end, and make the middle as short as possible."

A mind that is ceaselessly thinking out more or less disgusting "sex plots" must inevitably become more or less diseased, and in a peculiarly objectionable way.

There is a well-known grim story of R. L. Stevenson's which shows very plainly that one's lower nature cannot with impunity be roused and lulled at will. It is presumably the same with one's lower imagination.

MR. STEPHEN SAINT

My opinion as a frequent contributor of short stories to THE BYSTANDER must necessarily be regarded by your readers as biassed. But I am whole-heartedly in disagreement with "Saunterer." Art has nothing to do with such a nebulous and extremely mysterious matter as a "healthy moral tendency." Immediately a story has a dogmatic tendency, either for good or bad, it becomes inartistic. The author who paints an incident from life and then passes a verdict of either approval or disapproval on it is, in the field of fiction, a bad artist. Some men depict vice and applaud it; others depict vice and denounce it. Both, as artists, are equally bad. A story is good or bad according as it is true or false to life. But the author must not be dogmatic. Nor, by the way, should you or your readers.

May I let you into a secret? Ninety-nine out of every hundred of your readers buy THE BYSTANDER because they cordially disapprove of its short stories!

MR. ARMIGER BARCLAY

I am of the opinion that a very large proportion of readers, and practically all women readers, prefer a story of "sex" interest to any other. It is admittedly not to be found in the "Drivel" or the "Blither" type of magazine; but these publications are not the criteria of intelligent taste.

Does "Saunterer" wish to see THE BYSTANDER come down to their level? Does he want melodrama instead of reality, bathos instead of emotion, vulgarity instead of wit? Or is he a socialist with trade-union prejudices, who, on principle, objects to the exercise of human endeavour on the part of authors?

CHARLES SYKES.

AN ANONYMOUS SCRIBE

An author who has contributed five short stories to THE BYSTANDER, but desires to remain anonymous, writes:

The question is certainly a novel one to me. It has never occurred to me to regard sex or anything else under heaven as *sine qua non* in a short story. An author should write of the things which most attract him, and if he or she is deeply concerned with what you call "sex," then, no doubt, "sex" will be what he or she will write about. But supposing, like myself, "sex" is only one of the score of things that interest him, it will probably form the theme of one in twenty of his stories. My answer to your question is: Let each writer be a law unto himself, and be true to himself, and one of the ways of doing this is to free himself from any obligation to pander to supposed public taste by writing of any subject which he doesn't want to write about. For my part, I believe the most interesting stories of the day are those that are free from sex interest, because their very freedom from it is proof positive of freshness and proof presumptive of originality.

MISS MARGARET BUTLER

This is a delightful country! Imagine any controversy so exquisitely humorous in a Paris or Berlin journal. You have made the foreigners look very small. And you want my opinion about it. Certainly! I wouldn't be out of this charming party for a dozen new frocks. I think your stories perfectly awful. Whenever I read one I promptly put on an emotional gown and throw myself into the arms of the nearest male. Briefly, your stories have ruined me. I have "taken the wrong turning." I have given up going to church. I smoke. I wear my clothes like a cocoon, as one of your clever authors—I think it was that too utterly provocative Mr. Macdonald Hastings—said. And oh! I've grown so much better-looking. (The curate still calls, hoping on.) So, Mr. Editor, please stop publishing them. I know I shall end by saying "Damn" or being chased at a country-house party.

NEXT WEEK
will be Published
THE OPINIONS OF
ELINOR GLYN
and other
EMINENT AUTHORS

Views of Well-known Editors

MR. COMYNS BEAUMONT
(*London Magazine*)

The struggle between the sexes is eternal. It began with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and it will continue till the end of things. There is no episode in life whose foundation does not originate in sex. From the man who steals or the man who murders, to the respectable citizen and father who rears a family and is blackmailed by the State for so doing, the actions of all are governed by the eternal question of sex. It dominates our lives, and it alone makes and unmakes nations. I can conceive, therefore, of no story that depicts anything in life without its dealing with sex. What is the good of a story, for instance, that is concerned, say, with the villainy of some swindler? There must be a motive for his villainy, and it is the motive that is important. The real story, therefore, lies behind his actual *modus operandi*, viz., the reason *why*, and unless he is a selfish and utterly depraved individual you will almost invariably find sex the motive of the story. If you don't, the story fails to interest. No writer who has ever lived and has aspired to immortality has ignored this basic fact of our existence. Sex is everything, and *cherchez la femme* the truest philosophy.

Illicit relationship between the sexes is but another aspect of the same question, and as virtue leads to few developments, while vice offers a plenitude, I do not wonder that THE BYSTANDER publishes a number of psychological studies. If these offer better opportunities for a new characterisation in the struggle between the sexes, surely THE BYSTANDER displays a pretty appreciation of the educated mind. In these days, fortunately, cant is at a discount among educated people, for cant is only a pseudonym for ignorance. If a story, therefore, is occasionally sordid and nasty, what of it? So is life. Why should we not cast down this fetish of trying to pretend in fiction that all is *couleur de rose?* Your readers know what life really is, and value accordingly the discerning analysis of a writer who tells them the truth. Of course, I assume that the story is well told. It seems to me that the only unpardonable story is that which is untrue to life. The story that ignores certain aspects of life as we know it to be is the most prurient of all, because in an inartistic way it attempts to veil reality, and is, therefore, suggestive. These are the views I hold, and which I have reason to believe are held by the educated classes.

MR. P. W. EVERETT
(*Pearson's, the Royal, and the Novel Magazines*)

I.

From the standpoint of art I do *not* think it essential that every story should contain a love or sex interest. I think that just as much art goes to the making of a good humorous story, detective story, or story of adventure as to the making of a love story. I do not, however, suggest that love interest should be entirely excluded from stories dealing mainly with these other themes.

Your correspondent "Saunterer" wants literature "to be in tune with the whole gamut of human emotion." Surely in this case he cannot expect love to be abolished from the short story; it must occur as an incident, if not as the main theme; though, of course, many stories are written, and will continue to be written, which involve no problem of love or sex: but it seems to me that to write of Adam-less Eves and Eve-less Adams, merely for the sake of keeping sex out of the story, is to stultify the whole aim and object of writing.

II.

From the standpoint of popular interest I can, perhaps, best explain my ideas of the desirability of a love interest in the short story by giving in brief an analysis of the fiction in a half-yearly volume of *Pearson's Magazine*.

From July to December, last year, we published fifty short stories; fifteen of these were essentially love stories; the remaining thirty-five were humorous, detective, or adventure stories, and the love interest, though existing in many cases, was subsidiary to the main plot.

To sum up: I think that the short story—whatever be its main theme—which has, in addition, a love interest, is far more popular than the short story without one; and I believe that so long as the morbid treatment of what is a perfectly natural emotion is avoided this will continue to be the case.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH
(*Nash's Magazine*)

I think that, from a standpoint of popular appeal, a short story should contain a "love" or "sex" interest, but I am of opinion that, from a standpoint of art, neither is necessary. Three of the best short stories in the language:

THE WILLOWS. *By Algernon Blackwood*

THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT. *By Rudyard Kipling*

YOUTH: A NARRATIVE. *By Joseph Conrad,*

have no love or sex interest, and I have also read some powerful short stories by Morley Roberts of which the same may be said.

CHARLES SYKES.

Some More Opinions of "Bystander" Readers

SIDNEY SMITH'S OPINION

A famous wit—Sidney Smith, or one of those johnnies—once said that there were only three really good stories in the world, and that two of them could not be told in the presence of ladies. Volumes could not have said more.—ALGY.

IN OUR DEFENCE

By your summary of themes of short stories during 1910 you prove that undue prominence has not been given to the kind of story to which "Saunterer" takes exception; and I think that only if those stories were so numerous as to get the paper a reputation for being partial to them would there be any unhealthy moral tendency in the least.—A REGULAR READER.

DROVES OF ROMEOS

Are genuine love stories done to death? Surely the half has not yet been told. Edwin and Angelina are not the dull personages "Saunterer" would have us believe. The true artist can make even their commonplace bones live. The great bulk of humanity are, after all, only Edwins and Angelinas; to hold the mirror up to Nature is still an act to wonder at. The world loves to have its picture taken, and is still vain enough to condemn the likeness.

Probably the magazines do contain more love stories—legitimate and otherwise—than fiction of any other nature; but love makes the world go round. We have stories dealing with burglars, anarchists, adventurers, war, science, politics, and a hundred-and-one subjects; but how many of us really come under the numerous headings? There are more lovers than burglars in the world, fewer Napoleons than Romeos. — CLAIRE WILLOCKS, "Dalefield," Woodside Park Road, North Finchley, N.

EDUCATIONAL

I cannot remember any BYSTANDER story to compare in grossness with several of the 1s. novels which it seems necessary to have a smattering of if you wish to hold an interesting conversation with the present-day débutante.

Practically what makes life worth living is reading the impressions of the happenings in the lives of people both above and below our social position.

The price of THE BYSTANDER effectually prevents any contaminating effects on the lower strata of society, and secures the circulation among a class who, by education and common sense, are presumably capable of reading a tale and discerning the interesting truthfulness of the moral drawn. Nowadays children possess more knowledge of affairs, good and bad, than their parents possessed at the same age. It is an acknowledged fact that prudishness is fast dying out.—T. C. F., 11, Eustace Street, Dublin.

OUR "TENDENCY"

I quite agree with "Saunterer," and feel very strongly that these short stories have not a healthy moral tendency. It seems to me the daily papers, with a few exceptions, are quite full enough of these, to say the least, disagreeable details, and THE BYSTANDER is in many ways so good a paper it is a pity it should encourage people to write stories which cannot do good, and may do a great deal of harm.—AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.

LOVE, THE CONQUEROR

As a reader I like to buy short stories which will make me better for having read them. At the same time, they must be interesting; hence I prefer stories treating of what's best in men and women—the conversations of the cleverest, the deeds of the bravest, the sacrifices of the noblest, romances of the very pick of men and women, stories which will inspire one with confidence, fill one with enthusiasm, urge one to action, stifle everything objectionable; in a word, make one better fitted to live.

I would have the writer look upon love as an ethereal thing, the grandest, the most sacred, the most sublime in all life. I would urge him to be ever watchful lest he should be tempted to treat it in any light spirit.—E. O'D.

WANTED—MORAL GRANDEUR

"Saunterer" baits THE BYSTANDER because some of its stories "deal with breaches of the Seventh Commandment." You invite opinions as to whether "such relations of the sexes are good or bad, healthy or unhealthy." I think them both bad and unhealthy.

Your attractive issue of the 4th of January contains a story in which a married woman makes overtures to a comparative stranger. Examine this tale as a type. The stranger desires to rekindle in the woman lost affection for her husband. That is a clever "motif." Its evolution, however, is unhappy, since it consists in nothing less than the stranger himself courting the woman.

"'You'd like to kiss me,' he said.

"He thought that he would let her fall in love with him.

"He composed a letter to her, couched in terms of burning adoration."

These are the "bon mots" in this pretty recountal of a laudable wish to resuscitate wifely tenderness. They are capped by the unfaithful lady's expression:—

"'She would love to see him' (*i.e.*, the well-disposed one) 'if he would only come and NOT EXPECT TOO MUCH.' The last half of the sentence was underlined."

All this is regrettable. No narrative can ring true that dabbles in the doubtful. It will lack moral grandeur, without which the story-teller's art is crippled.—ARTHUR HEMINGWAY, 37, Derby Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

THE GRAND PASSION

To most men and women, save those morally—(I use the term advisedly)—or physically deficient or degenerate, there comes during life one great passion, or at least the makings of a "grande passion," for a being of the opposite sex, such as was, perhaps, more common when the world was younger, less calculating, and less sophisticated. This being so, it is useless to deny that this theme in its many phases remains newer and less hackneyed than any other kind, in that no two people or no two ideas of spiritual or physical love are identical. It is for this reason, I fancy, that biographies dealing with the "loves" of the great men and women of the past (legitimate or illegitimate) are often of more interest and of more importance than those merely dealing with good and great deeds.

Of course, "Saunterer's" contention that "the world is wide, and literature should be in tune with the whole gamut of human emotion," is quite irrefutable. But at least some alternative subjects which he suggests are beset with pitfalls for all save the expert, and with technicalities for the reader.

Love being universal—a passion afflicting poor humanity the world over, capable of making or marring the lives and souls of men and women—naturally attracts most writers who possess skill in the use of words and the power to convey to their readers' minds the struggle which is always going on in the heart of men to possess themselves of the adored woman.—C. J. HAMILTON.

LOVE IN LAW

The question how far a story, the plot of which hinges either directly or indirectly upon illicit relations between the sexes, is admissible in print must necessarily depend to some extent upon the character of the publication in which it appears.

In the case, however, of a paper like THE BYSTANDER, which is intended primarily to be read by men and women of mature age and understanding, I think the question admits of a simple answer. If the story relies for its interest solely upon the fact that it is a "naughty" story, if it panders simply and avowedly to the vitiated tastes of those who find amusement in nastiness, it is inadmissible. If, on the other hand, the topic in question is introduced for the purpose of pointing a moral—in condemnation, as distinct from the mere exploitation, of vice—then the story is admissible.

In law, sexual immorality, except where, in certain cases, it is allied with violence and cruelty, is not a crime; it is only a wrong, and one which is only actionable in certain circumstances. Law-abiding people discuss and write about many of the gravest crimes quite freely in public, and by so doing undoubtedly aid in their suppression and prevention; but Mrs. Grundy, who is the unnatural and abnormal personification of a natural and normal regard for the dictates of decency, positively forbids the rational discussion not merely of sexual immorality, but even of the relations of the sexes—moral or otherwise. There is an undoubted fascination in forbidden fruit, and so long as sexual immorality is a vice which not only may not be indulged in, but may not even be mentioned, so long will it enjoy the supreme fascination of being the most forbidden of the many species of forbidden fruit. The old Roman poet Ennius wrote: "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto," and Chesterfield's advice, "Let the great book of the world be your principal study," which you, sir, have adopted, appropriately enough, as the motto of THE BYSTANDER short stories, is an echo of Ennius's teaching. As long as the true principle underlying that teaching is adhered to, as I venture to think it has been in THE BYSTANDER short stories, they will remain unexceptionable. DRACO.

WHAT ABOUT THE BIBLE?

Frankly I do not think that a story dealing with a breach of the Seventh Commandment could have an unhealthy or undesirable effect upon anyone. Are there not stories in the Bible about the self-same sin, and would reading of such a sin induce one to commit it? I am sure everyone would agree in scouting such a notion. Faithless husbands and wives are not made in that way; rather should I think that the moral side of the story would appeal to anyone upon the downward path, and perhaps act as a check. So I say, let us still have our love stories, although these stories, to be human, must necessarily deal with complications, temptations, and sometimes falls by the way. I am sure nine out of ten at least of my own sex would plead as I do. THE BYSTANDER has all sorts of readers to consider, I know, but many weary wives and weary husbands, too, have whiled away a pleasant evening hour with a short love story. For it is—

"Love that keeps the choir of lives in chime,
Love that is the blood within the veins of time."—DORA BOORMAN, 14, Jackson Road, Saltley, Birmingham.

COMPLIMENTARY

I have been a reader who has so thoroughly enjoyed the short stories in THE BYSTANDER that I have read with much interest your correspondent "Saunterer's" views on this subject, though I must have read these little stories from a somewhat different point of view.

A great many of them seem to me to have dealt with what Maeterlinck calls "psychological action," infinitely loftier in itself than mere "material action," and for this reason of most absorbing interest to anyone who cares for human life and its story as told by those who know that "there is a tragic element in the life of every day that is far more real, far more penetrating, far more akin to the true self that is in us than the tragedy that lies in great adventure." This idea has been suggested to me again in reading the "Tiger Lily," by J. S. Fletcher, in a recent number of THE BYSTANDER, as well as in other short stories which have appeared weekly, and the moral that in many of them has seemed to me to be of the highest, and in striking contrast to that of so many novels, long and short, of recent publication.—M. M., 8, Clarinda Park, W., Kingstown, Co. Dublin.

ARE WE GUILTY?

The thing you want with which to please the public is something original, neatly told, complete, and interesting. Whether sex comes into it or not, seems to me to have nothing to do with the case; but this question is not quite the question raised by "Saunterer." I gathered his view was that too large a proportion of the stories you published were concerned with the sex question. Having read the lot, I beg to differ from him. I don't think it is possible to continue publishing short stories and avoid the sex question altogether. My own view is rather that you have been very successful in giving us stories which were interesting without it.—A. EAST, "Sunnyside," Charlton, Andover, Hants.

SICKLINESS—AVAUNT!

I agree with "Saunterer" that, generally speaking, there is a superfluity of stories dealing with illicit relationships, and the reason not infrequently is, that it is such an easy subject to write a story upon when other ideas are not forthcoming. Romance and chivalry are fast dying out, and the women themselves are lending most valuable assistance in the destruction of these fine attributes of man. They say, under modern conditions, it is impossible. I do not agree; even in the most intimate of sex relationships, legitimate or otherwise, it is always possible to be a man and not a cur. Stories written in this vein would at least be healthy.

A love story of any real beauty is seldom written—it requires a supreme art; but even such a story of moderate excellence and with sincere conviction at the back of it will appeal, in most cases, to the better nature of the reader. Sickliness and mawkish sentiment let us avoid at all costs; they are directly conducive to moral weakness.—HUGH BAXTER.

MORAL LESSONS

If there is vice, the best way to eradicate it is to have it represented in such a way as to show the evils that accrue from such practices. While it may open up to the innocent the wickedness of the world, to be warned is forearmed. One has only to read the Bible to prove this, and would we say it has a bad moral effect? To blindfold the young to the pitfalls of Society is to court disaster in many lives. I am quite certain in the articles referred to no one would desire to emulate the experiences narrated therein, but would rather strive to avoid them.

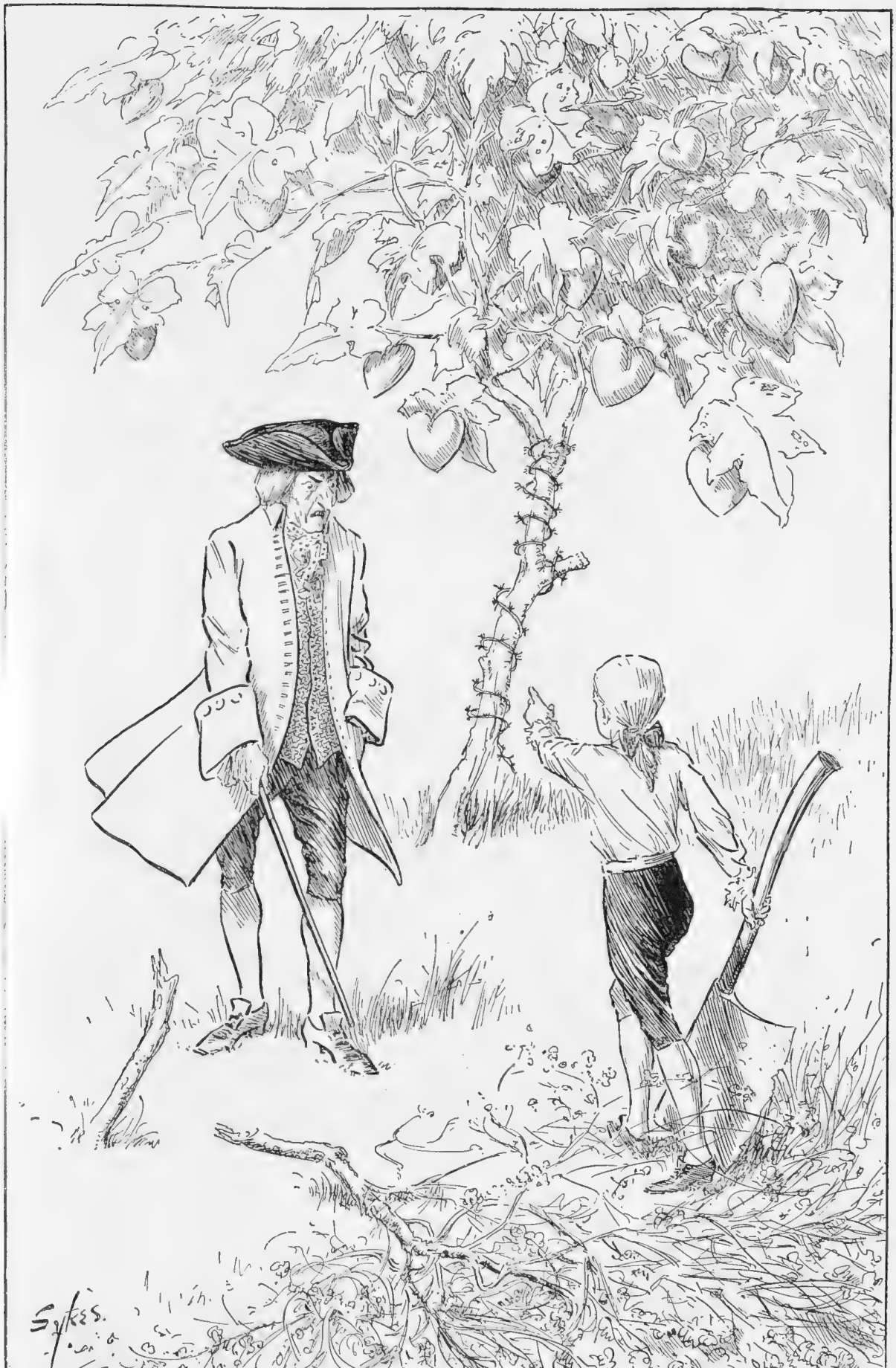
I, therefore, do not agree with your correspondent, and think in publishing such THE BYSTANDER is teaching moral lessons which the senseless love stories of many magazines fail to do. From an admirer of THE BYSTANDER who does not have any literary talent, but only wishes to express his opinions, and to thank the Editor for many happy hours spent reading the most delightful magazine in existence.—SCOTSMAN.

WHY SHORT STORIES AT ALL?

There is nothing so difficult to find as a good short story, and it follows that there is nothing so difficult to write. Who has not picked up a book with some such title as "Loose Leaves," and on getting home from the library found with disappointment that the title might have warned him off? Do you really need a short story? Surely many must feel as I have felt, and as your correspondent so well expresses, but all may not be so loyal to you, and your paper has enough of life and interest and an undefinable air that no other paper of to-day enjoys to attract without this debatable page.—ALFRED TURNER, "Plympton House," Plympton, S. Devon.

Sex and the Short Story

A PICTORIAL CONTRIBUTION TO THE DISCUSSION



George Washington (*who never told a Short Story*): "Yes, Father, I have cut down a tree—but, alas, the wrong one. I now learn, from the cries of the populace without, that the tree I should have destroyed is the Tree of Knowledge"

BY CHARLES SYKES

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Cold Weather Golf

Though golf is nowadays played all the year round no one will pretend that the game is pleasant when a keen east wind is blowing and frosty conditions prevail. All who can do so escape to the Riviera and other mild regions, where they can don flannels and sport sun-umbrellas while they dawdle over the various Continental courses. Have not the authorities who rule the gambling establishments of Monte Carlo been spending countless thousands gratefully provided by reckless punters in carving out a golf course which shall keep the gamester physically fit during the day and enable him to lose his money at night with greater regularity? But Cannes, Pau, Monte Carlo, Biarritz, and Nice are only for the fortunate few. The hapless wight whom business or other claims keep at home must face the wintry conditions as best he may. For him the main problem is how he may best circumvent the cold without so clogging his freedom of movement as to prevent him hitting the ball in the proper manner. Sweaters are all very well, but they are generally tight, and anything tight, so far as clothing is concerned, is fatal to golf. Happily, there are now so many forms of loose jersey waistcoats of the Shetland or Jaeger type that it is possible to keep the body warm without impeding freedom of movement. Then the wrists can be protected by mittens, and fur or woollen gloves can be worn between strokes. Most winter players have brought the science of warm clothing to a very fine degree of accuracy, and are able to judge to a nicety just how much extra they can wear without impairing their powers of play. I have been led into a consideration of the problem of winter golf and the difficulties with which players are confronted both on account of cold weather, with its attendant effects on the physique, and of the extra weight of clothing by reading an article by Mr. Hilton in the *Westminster Gazette*, in which that able judge of the game discusses the reasons why tee-shots are shorter in the winter than in the spring and summer. I was surprised to find that one factor was omitted from the list of causes adduced by Mr. Hilton as contributing to this result. He mentioned cold hands and wrists, thick and heavy clothing, sodden ground curtailing run of ball, difficulty of getting a firm stance on slippery or mushy ground, with consequent inability on the part of the player to get a free follow-through, extra heaviness of the atmosphere owing to moisture. But I looked in vain for one of the most important causes, if, indeed, it is not *the* most important cause, for the loss of length in winter. Nothing was said as to the effect of cold weather on the ball itself. Here, I believe, lies the secret of the whole matter. There can be no question that the rubber-cored ball is extremely sensitive to variations of temperature. Playing on my private course, where I know all the distances extremely accurately owing to constant play, I have found that in cold weather certain carries are not to be compassed. The ball seems to get heavier and heavier. The best method of coping with this difficulty is to warm the golf balls well before starting, to take out three or four, and to ring the changes on them by using them in succession, keeping those not in use in one's pockets. Thus the ball used for the first hole would not be used again till the fourth or fifth hole, and would in the meantime be acquiring renewed warmth in the pocket. By carrying out this method throughout the round the bad effect of cold will be very much diminished and the liveliness of the ball preserved. I am confirmed in this view of the question by the manager of one of the leading golf emporiums in the West End, who is emphatic as to the effect of cold on the rubber-cored ball. ERNEST LEHMANN.

A WILD BOAR HUNT IN GERMANY

These interesting photographs were taken during the recent three days' wild boar shoot, given by Mr. Walter Winans, the well-known American millionaire, and Herr Arnold Gumprecht, near Hamburg. In the centre picture Mr. Winans (standing) is helping a guest at an *al fresco* luncheon. The lady opposite him, facing the camera, is Frau Gumprecht. The pictures on either side show wild boar crossing the drives. As a result of the shoot, fourteen wild boar and six fallow deer were bagged

Town Planning, Ltd.

RURAL RUISLIP TO BE CONVERTED INTO A GARDEN CITY

A PRETTY COTTAGE ON THE ESTATE

THE VILLAGE CHURCH AT RUISLIP

ON THE NORTHWOOD GOLF COURSE

A WOODLAND SCENE ON THE ESTATE

THE LAKE: A CHARMING FEATURE OF THE ESTATE

A LIKELY CORNER FOR RABBITS

By the public-spirited action of the Provost and Fellows of King's College, Cambridge, an opportunity has been afforded for carrying out a comprehensive scheme of Town Planning and Housing, close to London, on a scale of national importance. The College has granted rights of acquiring the whole of the estate at Ruislip and Northwood, some 1,300 acres. The estate, which is rather larger than the entire borough of Kingston and Richmond, is within fifteen miles of Charing Cross and is served by five railway stations, the journey to London taking from eighteen to thirty-three minutes. It includes magnificent stretches of woodland and adjoins the Northwood golf course. A company has been formed to develop the estate on the lines of a Garden City

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. XXIX.—THE TICKHAM

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

Left to right: Mr. W. C. Dawes (Joint Master), Mrs. Dawes, Mr. Dawes, jun., Miss Dawes, and Master Dawes

Mr. Dawes, Joint Master of the Tickham Hunt, and His Family

THE territory of the Tickham Hunt extends from Chatham Woods, bordering the Medway, in the west to the Stour in the east—*i.e.*, Ashford to Canterbury—and from the Thames in the north to the sandstone ridge running from Maidstone to Ashford in the south. This measures some twenty-five miles east to west, by fifteen miles north to south, and is, indeed, quite large enough for six days a week hunting, could the country only afford foxes and were it better preserved.

The country contains a good deal of grass that has been laid down within the last thirty years, and about half of it is arable, with big woodlands and chains of woods up the picturesque valleys. It is mostly chalk soil overlaid with heavy clay, and carries a poor scent, which, of course, necessitates hounds keeping their noses well down. It is, however, a good country in which to make hounds, and all it wants is more foxes. It is rather trappy owing to sheep and rabbit netting and open wire, but the fences are mostly timber and wattle, and is an easy country for horses. Of the many ladies who hunt here Mrs. Dawes, wife of the Joint Master, is a regular follower, and both she and her young family are frequently to be seen whenever hounds are out. She is also of immense assistance to her husband in all the varied details of Mastership, and is very keen, whilst Mr. Harcourt Vallance, the hon. secretary, is also constantly out, and is devoted to the interests of the hunt.

Hon. G. Harris Lady Harris Lord Harris (Joint Master)

Lord Harris, Joint Master of the Tickham Hunt, and Family

The pack now consists of some fifty couples of hounds, of which eighteen couple are dogs. These latter in shape have good

necks, shoulders, and loins, and on the whole well-sprung ribs. They are well off for bone, which is carried right down, and their feet are compact, while they are also straight. They are bred chiefly from Belvoir, Brocklesby, Warwickshire, and Hertfordshire kennels, and are a good-coloured lot, showing a considerable amount of rich Belvoir tan. Among the bitches are some big hounds which hunt with the dogs, and the pack as a whole are smart in appearance, with medium bone, beautiful necks and shoulders, and are well coupled-up. They also in colour, show a lot of Belvoir tan. They have a fair cry, and excellent nose, and in drawing, dash, and drive are as good as any I have lately seen, and with anything like a scent are very fast and full of blood. Taking the Tickham generally they are an uncommonly handsome lot of good working hounds all round, and all they want is more blood to make them as good as can be desired. George Alcock has been with them two seasons now, and came from the Blackmore Vale with a big reputation after eleven seasons. He is very good in the kennel and first-rate in the field. Cheery with his hounds, who like him and come readily to him, careful in drawing coverts, he has a good voice, and uses his horn well—so necessary in these woodlands. In the short time he has been with the hunt he has made himself popular with all, and he is an undaunted rider.

George Alcock, the Tickham Huntsman

Lord Harris, so well known to the world both in the cricket field and in the high political positions he has held, is keen and thorough in all he undertakes. He has been hunting with the Tickham for fifty years. His acquisition as Joint Master is indeed very welcome, his quiet, courteous manner to all in the field, his tact, and his love for sport being just what are wanted. A bold rider, always well-mounted, both he and his son, the Hon. G. Harris, are generally, there when these gallant hounds roll over their foxes after a long run.

Hounds Waiting to be Let Out for Exercise

The Dog Pack at the Kennels

The Tickham's substantial kennels at Wren's Hill, near Faversham, were built by Mr. W. E. Rigden, who was Master for thirty years from 1876. To him also is very largely due the excellence of the present pack

Bystander Short Story

The MYSTERY

By FREDERICK FENN

WHEN James Mowatt came to London he was something of an enigma, and there are a certain number of people who hate mysteries. Though the hard-working members of the community are content to take those with whom they are thrown in contact just as they find them, there are a vast number of idlers who regard a person whom they do not understand much as certain people regard puzzles in a weekly paper. Whereas papers, though, are in the habit of publishing solutions in subsequent issues, Mowatt never published the solution of his life, and this is the story of the one man who discovered the key to the problem, and the reasons why he did not tell. There is an old saying that truth will out, but sometimes it is so vigorously stamped upon that it only shows its head in holes and corners, and never really blooms in the light of day.

It is probable that no one would have bothered about James Mowatt but for the fact that he was very rich, and even in these days of huge fortunes his wealth made him conspicuous. Mining in Australia was the origin of his wealth, and there was no secret about the fact that he was an Australian millionaire. Those who made inquiries about him from Australian friends, though, could only hear that he was a man who had come to the country about ten years previously; that he had amassed a colossal fortune, and that he was a man held in the highest repute by everyone. Of his earlier antecedents no one knew anything or could find out anything. He was not one of the Forfarshire Mowatts; indeed, he seemed to have no relations of any sort whatsoever. In every respect he was a seemingly inscrutable mystery, but, nevertheless, a very popular one because of his hospitality, generosity, and kindliness of heart. He had all the appearance of having gone through exceedingly hard times; but, then, this was easily accounted for by his struggles in Australia. Making a fortune usually leaves its mark on millionaires. The great point was that he was rich, and Society will accept almost anyone nowadays who has plenty of money and is willing to spend it in the way that Society wishes.

He began by taking a house in Mayfair and superintending the furnishing of it. This excited some comment, because what should a bachelor, whose only companion was a faithful and equally reticent servant, want with a mansion furnished throughout in the most approved style? Old Lady Shetland was one of the first people to take him up, and then everyone speedily followed suit.

"Of course, I know nothing about him," she said to one of her cronies who was rather persistent. "If I did I should not be interested in him. For a really dull person, commend me to someone you know all about. He may have been the biggest rogue unhung for all I care. What I do know is that he is a very charming person. Half the people in the world are always digging up people's pasts instead of interesting themselves in their futures. It's entirely the fault of our modern dramatists, and that's why I never go to see modern plays. The theatre is no place for intelligent people. If experiences make people interesting—well, just thank Heaven that they are interesting, and don't probe into the reasons."

Then she went off to see Mowatt, and advised him as to certain details in the decoration of his home.

"It's a fine setting," she said after a long inspection. "What are you going to mount in it?"

Mowatt laughed. "I always had a fancy for beautiful things. Now that I can indulge it I do so."

"I see. Anyway, it will be useful in case of accidents."

"Accidents?"

"Yes, you are sure to marry. Have you ever been married?"

"No."

"I must find you a wife at once," said Lady Shetland—and she did.

The wife she found was Nora Parkhurst, the only daughter of Professor Parkhurst, the man whose discoveries in the matter of synthetic copper were just then attracting European attention. She was a clever and interesting girl, who had had many offers, but was not favourably impressed by the young men of the day. She liked Mowatt directly she met him, and the attraction was mutual.

"Well," said Lady Shetland a short time afterwards, "I think that's the girl for you."

"I think she is. She's sensible, and she's got feeling."

"Well, get her," said Lady Shetland, "before someone else annexes her."

Accordingly Mowatt went off and interviewed the Professor, and formally asked for his daughter's hand.

"I can give her," he said, "a good home, handsome settlements, and a steady devotion. Is that enough?"

"It's more than most girls get, but I know very little about you."

"I'm afraid you will never know much more."

"Well," said the Professor with a dry smile, "I have interviewed several applicants for Nora's hand, who, while professing to be frank about their lives, were obviously telling lies, so I'm not sure I don't prefer your reticence. I have no objection to the marriage."

So they married, and were very happy in the big Mayfair house. They had everything in life that they wanted but one thing, and that was a son. They entertained royally. They were popular. Their household was now such an established feature that people almost forgot that the millionaire was a mystery. The riddle of his origin was tacitly given up by everyone. All that was commented upon now was the fact that he was an ideal husband and that Nora was devoted to him. She had always been Lady Shetland's *protégée*, and perhaps she shared some of that astute lady's views. Whatever her husband's past had been, it had made him what he was in the present, and with that present she was well content, and so kept her own counsel. In her way she was a very uncommon woman. A brilliant talker, she was also a most receptive listener, while her mind was neither that packed agglomeration of unnecessary lore which constitutes the mind of a "well-read" woman, nor was it the vacuous organ of the woman who is always resting what she calls her brain by skimming the latest fiction.

It was in the early days of their marriage that Mowatt one day brought home a detective story which was just then engrossing the attention of London, and told her it was worth reading.

"I don't think I care about reading at all," she said. "It prevents you seeing men and women as they really are."

"Perhaps that's rather a good thing."

"I fancy," she said thoughtfully, "that that entirely depends on whether you're strong enough, but I'm not afraid of realities."

Mowatt smoked a minute in silence. "I wonder whether you know what real people are like," he said.

"I think I do. They are more interesting than book people."

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 196)

A Rhodesian Acquisition

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS MABEL RUSSELL, THE WELL-KNOWN MUSICAL COMEDY ACTRESS

Who is just about to be married to Mr. Stanley Rhodes (a nephew of the late Rt. Hon. Cecil Rhodes). She has been connected with the Gaiety Theatre for some time past, and has also played Miss Gabrielle Ray's part in "The Dollar Princess" at Daly's

(Continued from page 194)

"I have seen men such as you might meet here any day ready to murder one another for a loaf of bread. I have seen men and women so mad with rage and frenzy that they would not stop at any outrage to get at the victim of their wrath and vent their fury on him or her."

"Yes, and you have, I daresay, seen acts of self-sacrifice. The one aspect is as real as the other."

"That's true. I have seen a man stroll out of life with a laugh here and a nod there, and no one knew till afterwards that he was going to certain death; and I've seen a strong man die of sheer fright before ever danger came near him."

"You must have had some interesting experiences."

"Yes, and the odd thing about most of them is that at the time I did not know they were interesting. They seemed quite tame and commonplace. I met a soldier once who took part in one of the biggest battles of the century, and I wanted him to tell me all his thrilling experiences. 'I really don't know anything at all about it,' he said. 'Our lot were never called into the firing line, and all I know is that I spent three days on a hill reading Motley's 'Dutch Republic,' and only learnt weeks afterwards, when the papers came out from home, that we had been repulsed with a terrible casualty list.' Motley had made a great impression on him, but not the battle. Have you ever read Motley? It's worth the fag."

Nora smiled. "Yes, I have. When I say I don't read, I mean fiction. I don't think I have read any novel since Dostoieffsky's 'Crime and Punishment.'"

"What did you think of it?"

"Of course, it's tremendous in places, but curiously wrong in others."

"Do you think that murder is always a crime?"

"I don't know. I only know that it always brings consequences. I fancy that life is one of the things we should not interfere with unless we are prepared to pay the penalty."

"I see. It may not be a crime to blow up a house, especially if it is an eyesore, but you must be prepared for a flying chunk of brickwork to lay you out."

Nora laughed. "Yes, but you may escape the flying bricks."

"And cannot escape punishment. That's Dostoieffsky, I suppose?"

"Not exactly; but for every murder someone or other pays—not always the murderer. That's what I meant."

And there the conversation dropped.

It was about this time that fear settled upon Mowatt's heart. This man who had never known fear in his life before was obsessed with it. After all these years, just when the mystery which had surrounded him was all but forgotten, it threatened to crop up anew. In the old days he would not have cared, but now, with a wife whose happiness meant everything to him, it was quite another matter. For some time past he had run up against, in the city, a shady financier, some said blackmailer, by name Pennington. The Hon. Alfred Pennington was his full name, and the prefix often caused Mowatt to smile ironically. This man for long had taken a curious interest in the millionaire. With true blackmailing cunning he scented profit in the mystery, and he toiled laboriously to unravel it. Others might accept the mystery man at his face value, but he had never ceased to burrow in the hope of undermining his reputation, and something told Mowatt that his enemy was now ready to spring his mine or sell it for a handsome consideration. He laid his plans accordingly, for whatever his fears they did not interfere with his courage. Who ever suffered, Nora should not. That was his fixed determination.

And Nora watched him, knowing that something was on his mind, but saying nothing. Until he chose to tell her she would wait.

The crisis came very soon. Pennington called to see him at home, and was promptly admitted. He found the millionaire sitting writing in his big library. There was no sign of fear about him, and Pennington somewhat funked his task, but steeled his courage with the thought that the reward should be great. It was Mowatt who opened the duel.

"What do you want with me?" he asked.

"I want," said Pennington, leaning across the table, on opposite sides of which they were sitting, "I want you to realise that it would pay you to make a friend of me."

"In what way?"

"I know certain things which in the interest of society I should make public, but which I am willing to withhold for a consideration."

"I see."

"It's merely a business deal. I am a seller; you are a buyer. Such things are done every day."

"What do you know? I must know what I am buying."

"I know that just over ten years ago a man called Geoffrey Mordaunt was foully murdered—shot. His murderer was never discovered. The crime remained one of the many undiscovered crimes that gradually are forgotten by everyone except the police, and they would even now be very quickly on the tracks of the man if a hint were given them."

"Well! What has all this to do with me?"

"The name of the man who committed the crime was Ardleigh Stokes. It was thought that he committed suicide, because a coat with a cardcase in it was found on the shore at Folkestone; but he didn't do that. He got clear away, and now after ten years he is back in London—rich, honoured, and unsuspected. Don't ask me how I got this information. It has taken me a long while. That is all I will say, but I think it is information that is worth something."

Mowatt quietly lit a cigar. "It should be if you are right."

"Oh, I am right!" said Pennington.

"Do you know why that man Ardleigh Stokes killed Mordaunt?"

Pennington shook his head. "He killed him; that's enough for me."

"Yes, he killed him surely enough, and if ever a man was better dead that man was Geoffrey Mordaunt. Don't think me personal if I say he was a blackmailer of the worst type. He got hold of an unfortunate episode in the life of a man who had long since lived it down and had won honour and distinction in the service of his country. He raked up this old scandal, in which the man was more sinned against than sinning, and on the eve of his making a happy marriage threatened to drag the whole thing out into the light of day and ruin the prospects of two families, unless, of course, the usual substantial hush-money was paid. The victim was confronted with the choice of two evils. He could either pay and be in the toils of the scoundrel for ever, or face the thing out and see his public career ruined and the girl who worshipped him broken-hearted. In his despair he told me the whole story."

"I don't doubt there were extenuating circumstances," said Pennington, "but they do not concern me. The point is that you do not deny that you are Ardleigh Stokes."

"What would be the use?"

"I am glad to find you so sensible. How do you think your wife would take the news?"

"She is never going to know it."

"No? Then suppose we come to business."

"Stop a minute. You are going ahead a little too fast. I'll put all my cards on the table and be as charmingly frank as you have been. You are out to ruin me socially unless I am willing to do business. Suppose I retaliate. It would be no threat to you to say I would ruin you socially, because, if you will forgive my saying so, you have no social status; but I can easily ruin you financially. Would that suit you?"

Pennington squirmed a little under the other man's steady look of interrogation. "I don't quite see how," he began.

"Don't you?" said Mowatt. "You have gambled very heavily in Broken Hill Block Tens, and a very good investment, too, if all goes well."

"Yes. You advised me to go in. You're in yourself."

"Quite so, and to an extent you hardly realise. Now what would happen if I were to throw all my holding on

(Continued on page 198)

BUCHANAN'S

Scotch Whisky

—A GRAND SPIRIT—

"BLACK & WHITE"

BRAND

(Continued from page 196)

the market? Prices would come down with a run, and before they recovered you would be ruined."

"And what about you?"

"I should pay £100,000 or so for my whim, but £100,000 wouldn't hurt me."

"You daren't do it."

"Daren't I? Try!"

Pennington smiled feebly. "It would hardly be worth your while to throw away so much money."

"You mean I can get all I want for so much less?"

"Yes."

"For how much will you swear to hold your tongue for ever?"

"£10,000—a clear saving of £90,000!"

"I see." Mowatt considered a moment, and then wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper. "We had better have this on an absolutely clear business footing. Have you any objection to signing this?" He passed the paper across, and opening a drawer pulled out his cheque-book.

Pennington pulled his moustache nervously. "It rather gives me away."

"You are asking me to give myself away equally in writing you a cheque."

"Quite so. Quite so. There you are!" He scrawled his name at the foot of the statement and handed it back.

"Thank you." Mowatt read it out slowly. "'In consideration of the sum of £10,000, I, Alfred Pennington, swear to maintain silence for ever as to the identity of Ardleigh Stokes with James Mowatt, nor through me shall any living soul become acquainted with the past.—Signed, ALFRED PENNINGTON.' Good!" He folded the paper carefully and locked it in a drawer, the blackmailer watching him anxiously the while. "Now you can go."

"There's just one little formality first." Pennington glanced with a smile at the cheque-book.

"You surely don't imagine I'm going to pay you that money?"

"Of course!"

"Of course not! Put myself in the power of a blackmailer! You must be mad."

"Then give me back that paper."

"Certainly not. That is my documentary evidence that you are a blackmailer."

"You've tricked me!"

"Yes; I've no conscience about the way I treat reptiles like you."

"I've been a damned fool!" He sat back in his chair and scowled while he thought hard.

"Of course you have. Just remember now for the future that you can never undo a thing you have done."

Pennington got up, livid with rage. "Very well. That cuts both ways. You're playing a bold game, but you haven't heard the last of this yet."

"Sit down," said Mowatt. "You don't leave this room until I have your solemn word that you will make no use of the information you have gained."

"Suppose I won't give it?" snarled Pennington.

"Then you won't leave this room alive."

The blackmailer sank back in his chair and turned grey; then wiped his forehead nervously.

"I fancy your heart's wrong," said Mowatt grimly. "You have all the look of a man with a groggy heart. So the sooner you're through with this strain and become reasonable the better."

"You daren't do it."

"I dared do it before for a friend, and still less should I scruple now to rid the world of a blackmailer if I thought he could injure my wife's happiness. That's what you've got to understand. You came here thinking you had me in your power. Your life and your fortune are at my mercy. Just take that in."

Pennington sat and took it in, and the more he took it in the less he liked it.

"You won't be the first disappointed blackmailer who has attempted the life of a millionaire and been shot in self-defence. That's how it would read, or perhaps it would be better if there were a struggle for the possession of a revolver."

"Good God! You're a devil!"

"I'm not a sentimentalist," said Mowatt; "and you seem to me rather a poisonous kind of creature, so I'm going to prevent you doing any harm."

Pennington stared in front of him, fascinated. "You're taking a pretty desperate risk."

"The greatest risk I shall take will be in believing you if you give me your word to be silent."

"But I haven't given it."

"No; I'm waiting. You know, when you come to think of it, no one would miss you very much, and I am quite an Oriental in my views about human life. I go through my woods down at Barfield and chalk the unhealthy trees that are interfering with the good growth, and the world, I fancy, would be a good deal better if someone were to go through its inhabitants in the same way."

"Who are you that you should decide?" snarled the blackmailer.

"Ah, that's the point. All that matters to you, though, is that in the present instance I choose to take the office. And now we've wasted quite long enough. I made a fortune through making decisions quickly, and I have no time to spend over people who can't decide equally quickly. Here are two revolvers. You can have that one. It's a foreigner, and no one will be able to trace it to me. You can fire a barrel if you like at me or anything you please. It will save me the trouble of discharging it, but I warn you I shoot quickly. It's a habit I got into at the mines—a sort of survival of the quickest."

Pennington pushed the revolver back across the table with a quick, nervous gesture. "I give in. You're a devil, and I can't fight cold-blooded devils. You've got me. I promise."

"You give me your word of"—and he made a slight pause—"honour?"

"I swear."

"Good, but remember if you once break your word there's nowhere where I won't find you, and it will be too late for talking then."

Pennington slowly made his way to the door. "I can trust you not to use that paper?"

"Yes; and, by the way, stick to those Broken Hills; they're going to boom. They'll pay you better than any dirty tricks. Good-bye." He had just locked the two revolvers carefully away when Mrs. Mowatt came into the room, and her husband briefly introduced her.

"How do you do?" And Pennington gazed with some interest at the woman for whose peace of mind a man would so coolly contemplate murder. "Mr. Mowatt," he said nervously, "has just been giving me a little business advice."

"Do as I say, and you'll have nothing to worry about, but very much to be thankful for."

"Good-bye." Pennington went out like a man in a dream.

"You sent him off rather uncivilly, didn't you, dear?" And Nora came over to stand by the fire and warm herself.

"Perhaps I did. I don't like him."

"I don't, either."

"He came to try and do me down over a deal, and after showing him that he could not, I'm going to help him to make a fortune. Now I'm wondering why I'm doing it."

"Is it worth looking so serious about?"

"No; but I have had rather a serious time. I wonder what you would say if you knew what I had in my head just now."

"I might not be so far from guessing if I were to try."

"I wish sometimes it were easier to talk; and then at times I think you understand pretty much without my talking."

"Yes, but one isn't certain. What had you in your head? It won't shock me. It won't, I fancy, even surprise me." She crossed over to him and kissed him.

"Suppose I were to say murder?"

"I thought so."

"You're a wonder, Nora."

"No, but I'm your wife, and I think I understand you."

"Don't ask me how or why. It isn't a pretty thing to talk about, but I had murder in my heart, and for your sake."

(Continued on page 200)

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"The Mystery," by Frederick Fenn (*continued from page 198*)

"Do you think it is right to do as much as that for anyone—to place them under so terrible an obligation without giving them the chance of saying yes or no?"

"I don't know. I used to think I did know, but now I'm wondering."

"I remember once reading of a man who stole a thing he wanted. It was a priceless cup or vase. He used to have it out and look at it when he was alone, but carefully hide it away at other times for fear his wife should know that he was a thief. One day, though, he went out in a hurry and remembered afterwards that he had left his treasure out in the light of day. He came home desperately anxious about it, but could find it nowhere, and dared not ask his wife about it. At last she, seeing his distress, asked him what was the matter, and he said he had lost something. 'You don't mean that cup, do you?' she said. 'Why, I saw you had forgotten to put it away, so I locked it up where you always put it.' And he had thought that she never knew of its existence or of its hiding-place! It's pitifully tragic to me sometimes to see the fearful waste of time and brain that goes to hiding things. It's so often futile."

"Do you know you're quite a wonderful person," said Mowatt, "and I'm only just beginning to realise it?"

"Why are you afraid of that man? He can't hurt us."

"He could hurt you."

"Not if you really care about me."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," said Nora. "You are Ardleigh Stokes. You killed a man to save your friend. I guessed a long time since, and I was sure before I married you."

"And yet you married me?"

"Yes. What you did before you married me is nothing to me. It only matters what you do now."

"What fools we men are with our secrets!"

"When a woman lives with a man she learns so much more about him than she ever tells him. I pieced it all together like a jigsaw puzzle, not out of curiosity, but because you can help anyone so much more if you know, and since then I have only been waiting for you to tell me."

"And now?"

"I don't think Mr. Pennington will ever speak. I don't think it mattered that Mr. Mordaunt was killed. But, somehow, one must not take life and death into one's own hands; that is what I feel."

"I always said that I intervened like a god."

"And that's just what the gods never forgive. There are some things one must not do. One has to pay too dearly."

"But I have never paid."

"You haven't got a son," said Nora slowly. "You ought to have founded a great house. You ought to have had a son." She sat very solemnly in a big armchair, with her arms lying straight along its arms.

Mowatt came over to her and kissed her very tenderly.

"You know that, too! Yes, you are right. I should have been very proud of a son. Pennington will not touch us, but still I pay. The murderer's heritage may not be claimed

She took his hands and drew him down to her.

"But I'm not sorry you did it. I said just now that the past did not matter. It does. It's just the past that made you the man I love; and if a crime so-called has had its share in the making, how can I condemn the crime!"

Frederick Fenn.

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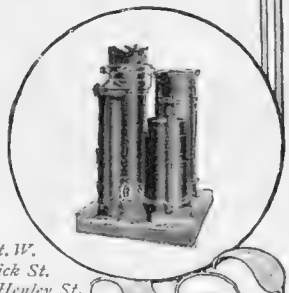

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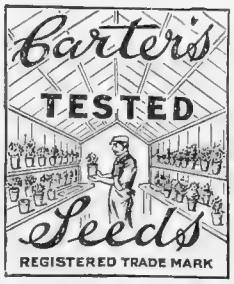

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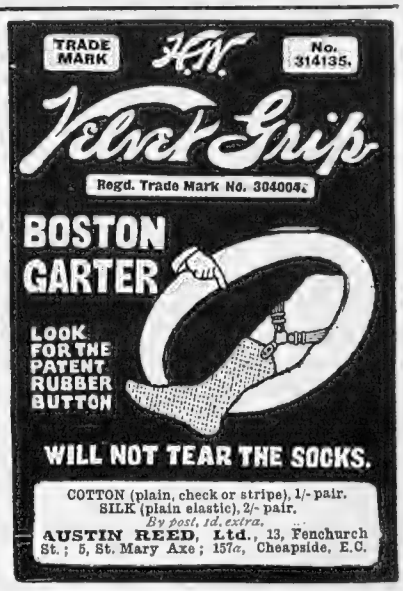

GAMES AND PASTIMES

RACKETS

The Open Championship

The contest for the Open Championship of England between our best amateur, Mr. E. M. Baerlein, and our best professional, Charles Williams, which is to be concluded to-day (Wednesday) at Manchester, is one of those delightfully sporting events which are bound to evoke widespread interest, despite the fact that rackets is a game which has only a limited following among Public School, 'Varsity, and Services men on the one side, and among those who act as their coaches and markers on the other. Mr. Baerlein, for instance, learnt his rackets at Eton and Cambridge, and Williams is the Harrow School coach. The conditions of the match are simple. It consists of two rubbers, the best of seven games each, and the championship goes to the winner of the greatest number of games, or, if each man scores an equal number of games, to the winner of the greatest number of aces. If Williams wins Mr. Baerlein presents him with £100 ; if Mr. Baerlein wins he is content with the honour and glory thereof without the added inducement of a challenge cup or trophy of any kind.

Baerlein's Uphill Task

The first rubber, played at Queen's Club on the 14th, was all in the professional's favour ; he won it by four games to two, so that Mr. Baerlein has an uphill task to face at Manchester. He must win four games to one in order to win on games, and if he wins by four games to two he must have a balance in his favour of more than thirty aces, for Williams at present leads, on aces, by eighty-one to fifty-one. It is unlikely that he will do this, but not wholly improbable, for the game at Queen's was closer than is indicated by the bare figures. After a weak beginning, which cost him the first game, the amateur played the better rackets of the two in the second and third, both of which he won, and he would probably have won the fourth, too, had he made the most of his chances, but he seemed to play somewhat carelessly after getting the upper hand in many of the rallies. The loss of this game after he had held the lead in it turned the scale against him. His apparent carelessness became more pronounced, whereas Williams, who had hitherto been playing unevenly, settled down and made the most of every opening, besides having the pull in the matter of staying power, with the result that he won the fifth and sixth games with the loss of only three aces in each. It is only fair to add that, besides breaking three rackets, Mr. Baerlein got a bang on the elbow, not of his "business" arm, it is true, but it nevertheless caused him considerable pain. On the whole, therefore, he had rather the worst of the luck, and, even if beaten to-day, he will not be disgraced, while Williams will have the satisfaction of having beaten one of the best amateur players that the game has ever produced.

SATURDAY'S GREAT "RUGGER" INTERNATIONAL

1. R. Owen, Welsh Captain. 2. Owen (half-back) gets away with the ball. 3. Some of the 40,000 Spectators. 4. J. G. G. Birkett, English Captain

The great Rugby match between England and Wales at Swansea last Saturday produced some of the finest football seen in an International for many a year. The sides were evenly matched, and the issue was in doubt up to the last few minutes. Wales finally won by a penalty goal and four tries (15 points) to a goal and two tries (11 points), after leading at one time by 12 points to 3, and later by only a single point

The Literary Log Rolled by Robert Ross

How Causeries are Managed

It must be hoped that readers of THE BYSTANDER do not share my own sorrow at being unable to read in this number the cheering little editorial note, "Owing to the absence in Germany of Mr. Robert Ross, the Literary Log is suspended for this week." The manager informs me that the circulation increased owing to that momentous intelligence. No one is more nervous than I am about the result of my return. I will confess that I never enjoyed THE BYSTANDER quite so much as when I received copies in Berlin with the announcement of my temporary demise. I often wonder how the more accomplished writers of *causeries* manage to take their holidays without any change or gap appearing in the papers for which they write. The theory that it is "done" on their holidays may account for *some* of the phenomena; the less probable hypothesis that six weeks' work has been anticipated and crammed into one week may account for *others*. But certain *causeries* deal with current events in a particular place. How are they managed? I dare not suggest that "ghosts" are employed. I remember meeting in London, a great many years ago, the late Campbell Clarke, that brilliant journalist who was responsible for "Paris Day by Day" in the *Telegraph*. I could not refrain expressing surprise because I had been reading a vivid account in that morning's issue of a murder or some other Paris social event; and the master-hand was recognisable in every adjective. Campbell Clarke smiled and said, "Oh, I send everything by wire *from London* when I am on my holiday here. Will you come and meet De Blowitz at dinner to-night?" The *Times* of that day (which I purchased afterwards) contained an interview with a Republican Minister, supposed to have taken place at 10.30 the previous night—it was an interview that nearly altered the map of Europe. De Blowitz, a most engaging man, by the way, assured me that the interview was genuine, but had taken place *three years previously*, before the French Minister was in office. It was holiday "copy."

Candid Admissions

We live in a sterner age. I doubt if the Editor of THE BYSTANDER would stand any "faking," even for literary purposes. It is an enormous consolation to Englishmen to know that everything they read in the newspapers now is true, except in the American and Continental Press. I would be regarded as old-fashioned if I deviated from the truth. Well, I have not read enough books for the *causerie* this week. Partly because I have had no time, and partly because I have been reading my Christmas presents—nearly all books. Nearly all my friends know that I am a receiver of books, if not a reader, and they remember courteously that in the case of well-known writers you get much more for a signed presentation copy than for the ordinary "review" copy. It would be indelicate to mention the prices of these presents. I will give the names of the authors; and, incidentally, allow you to know the circles in which I move.

History from Herbert

The first parcel I opened on my return was *Henry VIII. and His Court* (Cassell), by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. No one who read History at Cambridge but will wish that their instructor had been the Manager of His Majesty's. I might have taken a first, instead of taking no degree at all, had I sat in "fluttering gown," as Wordsworth says, at the feet of Professor Tree. Only everyone would have gone in for History and neglected the classics, mathematics, archæology, and the use of the Globes. Herbert, if I may call him so (from old acquaintance with his brother Max, and from having cadged many a seat at the theatre on the same ground), is an ideal historian. He punctuates facts by illuminating observations. "It is human to tolerate in ourselves the failings which we so rightly deprecate in our inferiors." "A first-rate man cannot do second-rate things well." These are only two from the many *mots* in a brilliant little book. And I have never read in so compact a form a fairer or truer account of the ethics of the Reformation. The character-studies of Henry, Wolsey, Catherine, and Anne are little masterpieces. If you have been to the Grafton Gallery and seen the preface to the catalogue of Post-Impressionists, you will know (or perhaps you won't know) what the "treeness of a tree" is in art criticism. In *Henry VIII. and His Court* you have the "Beerbohminess of Tree," which is something much better.

Aphorisms from Alexander

It was surely a coincidence that the next thing I opened was an envelope containing *The Teaching of Literature and History*, by George Alexander. This was a paper read at the Conference of Teachers a few days ago. What much better critics actors are of literature and life than the professional scribes, when they happen to possess, like Mr. George Alexander and Sir Herbert Tree, the gift of literary expression among their other accomplishments. I wish I could act better than they do, on similar principles. It is delightful to realise that our two most prominent actors are carrying on the Garrick tradition of uniting

Pears

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Baby's delight

the stage, apart from drama, to the culture of the day. Sir Henry Irving, we gather from Miss Terry's reminiscences, was handicapped in this respect; he was not sufficiently equipped. Mr. Alexander makes an eloquent plea in his address for the proper teaching of elocution in elementary and secondary schools. This is actually done in Italy and France, and that is why, as probably Mr. Alexander knows, that the difference of accent and enunciation between the rich and poorer classes is much less apparent than in England. The recitations from pious poetry and history on the Epiphany at the church of the *Ara Cœli* in Rome could only be matched here at Eton and other public schools. But the reciters in Italy are children of the poorest class; many of them cannot read. Then I am delighted to see Mr. Alexander breaking a lance for the living—for living dramatic authors. I think he must have meant, in a sly way, living actors besides. How dreary to be told at a first night by a dramatic critic, defective in all the faculties save memory, that Irving did the same thing so much better. The dramatic critic said just the same, of course, about Irving; only it was Kean or Kemble whom he recalled. "In the matter of plays," says Mr. Alexander, "do the teachers think that there is no dramatic author whose works are worth teaching, who have something to tell the young of the world they live in or are come to live in?" That ought to be printed on the programmes for the first night of every new play.

French Line Engravers

The most expensive of all my Christmas presents is the sumptuous Catalogue Raisonné of *French Line Engravers of the Late Eighteenth Century*, by H. W. Lawrence and B. L. Dighton (Lawrence and Jellicoe). To the former, who is my friend, I am indebted for this beautiful work. The reproductions of the prints, which have been executed by Messrs. Waddington speak for themselves. Under glass there is not an art critic or an artist who could tell them from originals. The text will become the classic book of reference, from which everyone will steal their information on the French engravers who flourished between 1765 and 1795. Mr. Lawrence has probably already forgotten more than anyone else knows on the subject. Though some of the names are familiar—Lavrince, Moreau Le Jeune, Nicolas de Launay Ponce, and Helman—expert knowledge has been sadly to seek hitherto. This exquisite book supplies exactly what was wanted. No one must be frightened by the learning of the authors, as I am, because the pictures are so dainty and charming that the volume appeals to everyone of taste. ROBERT ROSS.

RACING: Kempton Prospects. By CARBINE

A Point of Etiquette

Weights for the spring handicaps, to be published this week, will give us plenty to talk and argue about. Most of our amateur handicappers are agreed in placing Jerry M. and Cackler at the head of the Grand National, and I suppose that the official list of weights will similarly give Mr. Assheton-Smith's two crack jumpers the place of honour—a place, by the way, which is rarely appreciated by the owners of the horses concerned. Mr. Assheton-Smith, for his part, is credited with the intention of keeping his horses out of the race if the handicappers deal with them, as he thinks, too harshly. Of course, the owner is perfectly entitled to do what he likes with his own animals, but I am wondering whether this is quite the sort of thing which ought to be said or written on the eve of the framing of a big handicap. I don't suppose the statement will have the slightest effect upon the opinion of the handicappers in the present instance any more than the illegal comment of a newspaper would influence the judge of a *sub judice* action. Still, the etiquette of sport must be considered, and I should not be surprised to know that Mr. Assheton-Smith is sorry that his intention regarding Jerry M. and Cackler has appeared in print. It seems to be once again a case of "save me from my friends."

The Crack 'Chasers

Some time ago I expressed the hope that the present steeplechasing season would produce one or two jumpers capable of tackling Jerry M. or Cackler on something like equal terms. So far, my hope has not been realised. How is it that these horses continue to stand out so distinctly above all other English jumpers? Are they really out-and-out champions, or are the rank and file of modern steeplechasers an unusually bad lot? Jerry M.'s stirring performance in the Grand National last season showed that he is a very long way removed from mediocrity, but the fact that he did not succeed in beating Jenkinstown makes one wonder whether he is quite so good as was Cloister, who also, it may be recalled, belonged to Mr. Assheton-Smith, known at that time as Mr. Duff. We have seen Cackler accomplish some undeniably brilliant performances in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, and on the whole I think the supremacy this pair have held in the steeplechasing world for some time must be attributed to their superlative excellence rather than to the mediocrity of the opposition.

At Kempton Park

We shall see the best 'chasers more frequently in public after the publication of the weights for the Grand National, and at Kempton Park on Friday **Cackler** can run for the Paddock Steeplechase. He will have an antagonist worthy of him in Rory O'Moore, a better horse this winter than ever before, but I do not suppose that he is quite good enough to beat Mr. Assheton-Smith's 'chaser. Altogether we seem to be in for a brisk and interesting meeting at Kempton Park. On the opening day that good young hurdler, **Misère**, should win the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap, and **Levanter** may take the Middlesex Hurdle Race. The chief event on Saturday will be the Kempton Park Handicap Steeplechase, for which one of the probable runners is the late Prince Hatzfeldt's Carsey, who is now to run in the name of Mr. C. H. Wildenburg. Perhaps he is not quite sharp enough for this course, and the winner may be the lightly weighted **Jock**. The Cranford Steeplechase may be won by **Brass Lock**.

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THE
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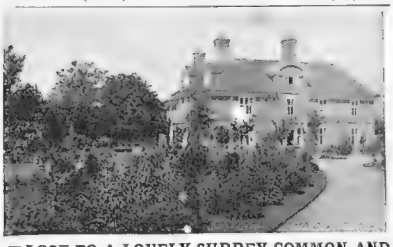

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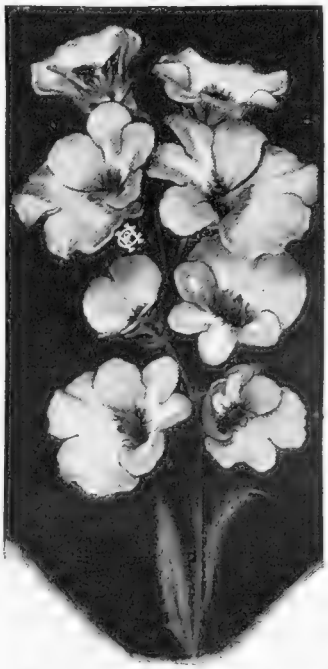

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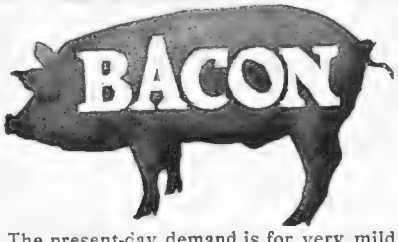

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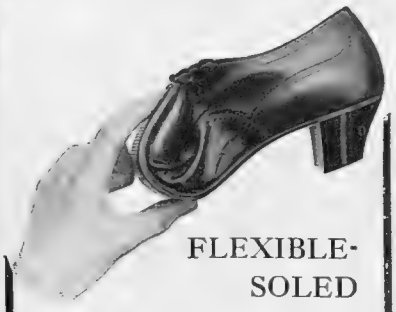

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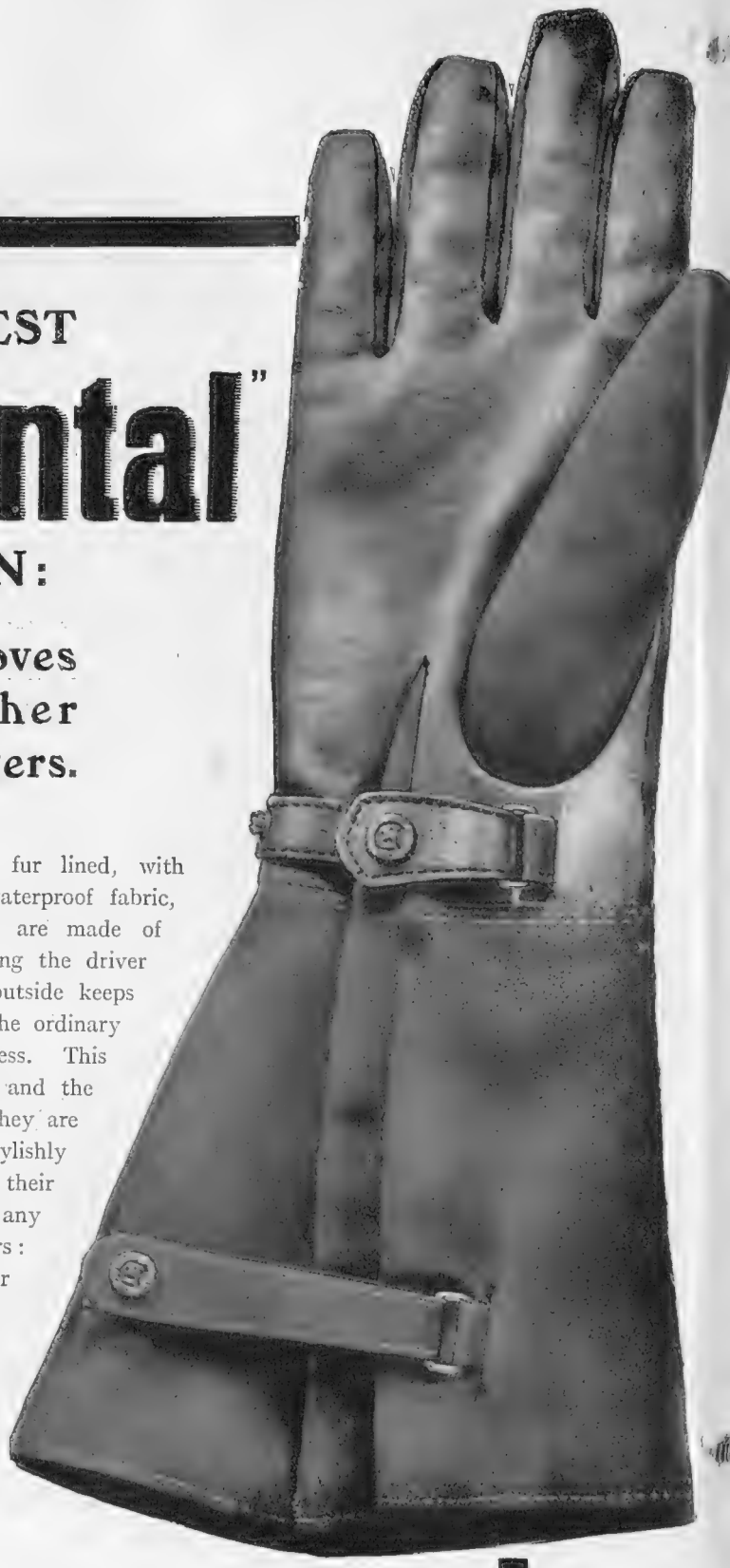

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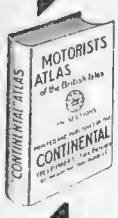

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Photograph *Howard Barrett*

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Second-hand Bargains

It is not sufficient to judge by car reputation in this matter. Reputation is a good thing to buy a new car on in the absence of any other guide. You are buying then directly from the firm with the reputation. A second-hand vehicle is a very different proposition. Heaven only knows what may have happened to it in the few short weeks (or longer) which have elapsed since it parted company from the origin of its "character," and unless Heaven tells you nobody is likely to. A young friend, with all his flight feathers unsinged, rushes in to say he has found "it"—the very thing, and cheap as hope. I ask languidly for particulars, having heard of "it" before. I hear it is the Nonesuch. Good. 1910 vehicle. Good. 15 h.-p., four-cylinder—the flight feathers are

preened complacently. All good—and the price? Something under a hundred pounds for a vehicle that cost, new, near to £400. I give the "Phut!" of incredulity, and bid him beware of fire. He prefers to trust to luck, and the smell of burnt feathers is loud in the land!

Where the Expert Matters

Certainly he might have made a great bargain. It sometimes happens; but the point is that it would still have been a great bargain had he paid the few guineas required by an expert valuer for an examination and test. Had it not been a great bargain, the loss would have been exactly that number of guineas, because the purchase would not have been made. Instead of which, the loss is—anything up to about 75 per cent. of the price paid. Of course, it may be objected that the complete ignoramus, upon motors and their mechanism, is a quantity to be searched for nowadays. It *is* the fact that the man who projects a car often takes some trouble (not much, but some) to ascertain a little about it. But the entirely ignorant is still a very bulky quantity, and I imagine is not likely to grow less; so as the car gets on the one hand more and more reliable, and on the other comes to still commoner use, it, in short, comes to be as ordinary a means of conveyance as the bicycle. But excluding the entirely ignorant altogether, it still remains true that what the common owner does *not* know about the undesirable features in a second-hand car would fill a volume of magnitude. As a general instruction, I would insist most strenuously that the first essential of a private transaction over a second-hand car is expert knowledge or expert assistance—a condition to be the more carefully observed to the extent that the car appears to be a price bargain. Even in the choice of the expert, care is needed. Not everyone who cries "Lord, Lord!"—the quotation will doubtless be familiar. Similarly, not everyone who says "I am expert" fills the bill. In this matter I would gladly help any reader in doubt.

The Expansion of Bibendum

The new premises of the Michelin Tyre Co. on an island site in Fulham Road, Chelsea

Massed Michelins

One corner of a vast stock-room containing over £400,000 worth of tyres and tubes

On the Progress of Bibendum

Opened by the Chairman of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders in the presence of the French Ambassador and a host of well-wishers, indeed Bibendum has made an auspicious start in his new Fulham Road residence. Quite the palatial pile, on an island site of 22,000 square feet in superficial area, treated within and without sturdily and efficiently, and with no little art, it is a fitting monument to the splendid growth of a great business, and sets a seal upon the success of the Michelin organisation in the United Kingdom.

Bibendum himself, that hall-mark of a good tyre, gives us a stained-glass greeting from over the entrance. A most unsaintly figure, Bibendum, susceptible to effective treatment as Bacchus, or Falstaff—or for that matter any other jovial, rotund gentleman; but in any setting a great banisher of the megrims. Which, when one comes to think of it, is his special attribute on the road.

From "the presence" we pass through fireproof passages to mighty apartments as fireproof, all designed with a careful eye to the facilitation of business. A notable novelty in such an organisation is the new Touring Office (open shortly) for the information of those who would go down to strange lands in cars. Finely appointed, replete with guide-books and maps, and peopled by a trained staff, it is a departure upon which Michelins may be, and hereby are, heartily felicitated.

And if you would gather an idea of the staggering volume of Bibendum's business, ask to see the vast basement. It holds a little matter of 25,000 covers and 30,000 tubes. The figure fiend has estimated that, properly piled, these covers would attain to an eminence equal to nineteen St. Pauls mounted on top of one another! If any there be who still doubt the final victory of the automobile, or who are sceptical concerning the place of the Michelin product in its own field, I bid him to the basement of Biber..um. So shall he find grace. Meanwhile—health to Bibendum, and all congratulations.

In Compression

Mr. A. C. Hills, the well-known motor expert, of 1a, Piccadilly Mansions, has again been honoured with a Royal order for one of the "Evans" car-heaters. Her Majesty the Queen has had the apparatus fitted to her 30 h.-p. Daimler. This, following upon the installation of the same heater upon the car of H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Sweden, is high evidence of the satisfactory manner in which the inventor has been able to utilise hot-water heat generated by the engine for the purpose of securing cold-weather car comfort.

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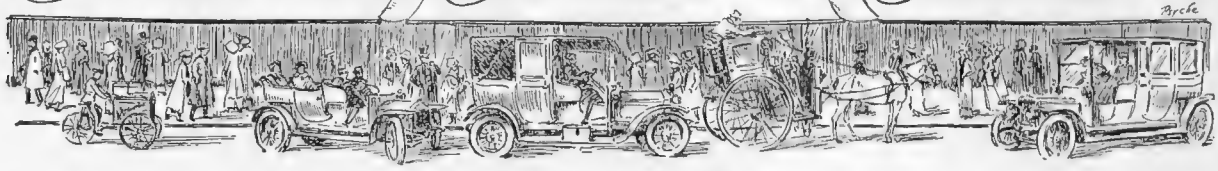

By MRS. JACK MAY

Ski-ing in Switzerland

THIS is quite apropos, in that it touches upon a certain admirable ski-ing boot brought out by the Lotus people, who have manufactories at Stafford and Northampton. It is only within the last two or three years that any portion of the attire necessitated by the Swiss sports could be bought satisfactorily in England, the whole equipment having to be secured out there. However, all that is changed now, and, as I went to some length to explain only recently, we have establishments in London that are primed up to the last letter in the subject. Since, naturally, much depends upon them, absolutely reliable boots are an essential, and, when it comes to worth, pure material, and workmanship, no one can touch the English, and foremost among the firms to bring out a ski-ing boot, *sans reproche*, is the Lotus manufactory. Numbers have found their way over to Switzerland this season, and the demand still continues.

Riviera Claims

And those whose tastes do not run to frosty climes, but crave, on the other hand, the warm, soothing influence of the South, are causing the customary ripple in the *couturière* world. For it is an open secret that the modes propounded now have an unquestionable influence on the coming spring vogues. The protest is altogether too vigorous to be mistaken against any continuance of the bolster type of skirt. And, perhaps, there is no safer augury that it will become utterly defunct than the promise that we shall have an enchanting range of choice in double ch[illegible] and *ninon* and such-like ephemeralities, which, I [illegible] a prophetic instinct, will be accompanied by coa[illegible] silk or satin, especially silk. Another significant t[illegible] is that the demand for better and weightier quali[illegible] silks is on the up-grade. Brocades have made a bid for favour, which has been attended with some considerable success during the past few months, and which, in view of the regal festivities attendant on the Coronation, has every promise of being maintained.

When the sales have successfully vulgarised past redemption the beaded *ninon* tunics and alternative satin skirts, there is all probability we shall see emphasised old-world brocades of mediæval character.

A Charming Afternoon Gown by Paquin

Of pale blue cloth, ornamented with velvet-covered buttons, worn by Miss Marie Löhr in the new play at the Comedy Theatre

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Representative Fashions Worn by Miss Marie Löhr

The stage, always an important *milieu* for frocks and furbelows, is especially welcome during such a dull moment as we are now passing through. Now, Miss Marie Löhr is notoriously well-dressed, and always by Paquin, and in *Preserving Mr. Panmure*, the play produced at the Comedy last Thursday, she wears some singularly attractive clothes, and since all are an index of what will be worn, Mrs. Dorothy Millar is using part of the space allotted to her in illustrating one of the models—an afternoon gown.

This charming dress is of pale blue cloth, ornamented with velvet-covered buttons, these helping to define a novelty of outline in the skirt. At the back one of the straight, loose panels is introduced,

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an accessory that bids fair to carry all before it as a counteracting influence to the too, too slim skirt. The corsage is a little gem, with its pointed bib effect, mounted over a filmy little under-bodice of pale pink chiffon veiled in blue, delicately enhanced by a light *broderie* of silver, a tiny yoke of white lace worked with silver finishing round the base of the throat. The elbow-length, slightly bell sleeves are *le dernier cri*.

An Original School Frock
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

And with this gown Miss Löhr wears one of the most perfectly modelled wrap-coats I have ever seen, effected in mole-coloured *ratine*. The right front takes a complete sweep across the body, and closes on the left hip with four monster buttons of dark shell.

The exigencies of the play demands that another gown be a tailor-made, which is quite a simple, albeit an eminently *chic*, costume of chestnut-brown serge, the *jupe* short and straight, relieved by a curved seam effect, while the jacket is faced with brown satin and ornamented with *nacré* buttons. The very daintiest of dainty blouses accompanies this suit, of finely tucked brown chiffon, concluding at the throat with a little turn-down collar of *filet* lace.

A School Frock that is not Ubiquitous

We are wearied unto irritation—Mrs. Dorothy Millar and I—over the incessant box-pleated frock alternating with the slack little pinafore dress, fashions both that are turned out by the gross—and quite admirably, be it said—by the great wholesale firms. So we have plunged into something quite different, and which, in its way, is equally practicable. Because it is a firm tenet with us that healthy, happy children shall be hygienically and comfortably clothed—essentials that can be fused together into a pleasing *ensemble* under an artist's touch.

Well, our frock, the style of it you see in the picture, and instead of the stereotyped navy serge we would suggest a Llama cloth, in some good green, artistic brown, or purple, with collar and cuffs of natural casement cloth, just slightly embroidered or feather-stitched, in the colour of the frock.

Apropos of these latter, it may be of interest to other mothers to learn that casement cloth is infinitely preferable to linen for the purpose, as it lies softer, and is altogether less stubborn and not so disposed to curl up at the corners.

The Menu: USEFUL COOKERY FOR MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSEHOLDS

Haddock Cream Soup
Cod's Roe Cutlets
Haricot Beans with Parsley Sauce
Bacon Olives
Braised Celery

Haddock Cream Soup

Place a large smoked haddock in a baking-tin, add one bay-leaf, a few peppercorns, and a small bunch of savoury herbs; cover it with two or three pats of butter, moisten with a cupful of milk, and cook it in the oven for about twenty minutes. Melt 2oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in 1½oz. of flour, and cook a little whilst stirring; then pour on the liquor from the cooked fish, also stir in gradually one pint of milk and a quart of water. Stir till it boils, add the haddock, free from skin and bone, first removing the herbs, and let all simmer gently for about twenty minutes. Season to taste with very little salt, nutmeg, and pepper, strain, and rub through a fine sieve. Return to the stewpan, add a little stock or more milk, boil up, add a tablespoonful of crushed tapioca, and lastly a gill of cream. The soup is then ready to serve.

Cod's Roe Cutlets

Procure a large roe and boil it slowly for half an hour, putting into the water a tablespoonful of vinegar and the same quantity of salt; when cooked let it drain and get quite cold. Then cut into slices half an inch thick and trim to a neat shape. Brush the slices over with egg, cover with breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat to a golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve on croûtons of fried bread, and spread lightly with anchovy paste. Garnish with a little chopped parsley and cut lemon. This makes an excellent breakfast dish.

Haricot Beans with Parsley Sauce

Soak a pint of haricot beans in cold water for at least six hours, and cook till tender in water or stock. A piece of gammon or streaky bacon cooked with the beans will greatly add to the flavour. When done, moisten the haricot beans with a little béchamel sauce, heat up, but be careful in stirring so as not to mash up the beans. Add a dessertspoonful of finely chopped parsley at the last, season to taste, and serve.

Bacon Olives

Chop finely 1oz. of beef suet and mix it with a gill of fine breadcrumbs and a level teaspoonful of mixed herbs. Season with salt, pepper, a little nutmeg, and moisten with a yolk of egg and a little milk. The mixture must be made moist enough for spreading. Cut eight or ten very thin slices of streaky bacon, free from rind; roll in each slice a portion of the mixture, and tie with string, or, if preferred, fasten them on skewers. Cook the rolls on a gridiron in front of or over a bright fire, or bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. Take up and place them neatly on a hot dish.

Braised Celery

Trim three or four heads of celery, cut each in three, and split each piece down the centre lengthwise. Wash thoroughly in cold water containing a little salt, then blanch them in salted water, and put them to drain. Melt 2oz. of butter in a braising-pan, put in a sliced carrot, a sliced onion, and two or three slices of bacon. Fry these a little, then lay in the celery, cover the pan, and place it in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Then pour off the fat and add half a pint of brown sauce and a gill of stock. Season the celery with a little pepper and salt. Cook it gently for about one and three-quarter hours in the oven or on the stove. Dish the pieces on oblong slices of fried or toasted bread, pour over the sauce, and serve.

Emilia.

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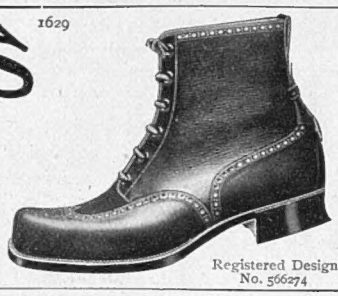

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The Editor's Box

Strand Theatre

The Man From Mexico, a farce that every playgoer should make a point of seeing, reached its 150th performance last Saturday.

Coronet Theatre

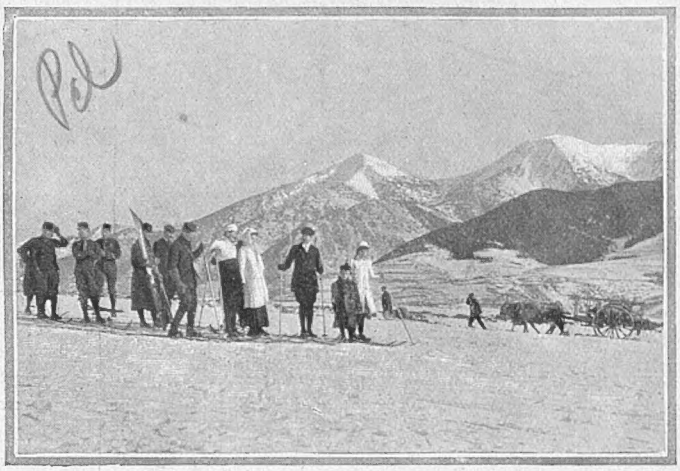
Cinderella, the attractive pantomime at this theatre, entered upon its second edition last week. The management do not rely upon gorgeous scenic effects to make their venture a success, as is too often the case, but rather upon the excellence of their artists and a book which really tells the story.

Paris-Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, 179-180, Piccadilly, W.

On the occasion of the carnival festivities on the Riviera the P.L.M. Railway organise a special popular excursion from Paris to Nice on February 22, and the English railway companies are issuing in connection with it tickets at very low fares. The return fare from London to Nice is as low as £3 15*s.* 10*d.* third-class *viâ* Dieppe, and the highest is £5 11*s.* 6*d.* second-class *viâ* Calais or Boulogne. The special bill giving the conditions of these tickets and trains available on the return journey is obtainable from the tourist agencies, the railway companies, and the P.L.M. Offices, 179, Piccadilly, London, W.

The Sporting Pyrenees

To think of the Pyrenees is not, as a rule, to conjure up seductive visions of white snowfields, or ski-ing, and the fast toboggan, or of the shining surface of smooth, inviting ice; rather does the great Southern chain suggest the balmy airs and mild diversions of the languorous South. But between the Mediterranean and the lofty "Pic" of Maladetta, the Pyrenees include all climates. In the way of winter sport they are vying with the Alps. Luz, Luchon, Cauterets are coming to be known as sporting centres; this year the completion of the new Franco-Spanish railway as far as the summit of the Cerdagne Pass has added to them Mont Louis. At Mont Louis snow is sure, for the highest fortified town in France stands over 5,000 ft. above the level of the sea. Beginning on January 28, the Touring Club de France has organised a "Semaine sportive" in the Pyrenees, two days of which "semaine" will be devoted to ski-ing, sleighing, and tobogganing upon the snows of the Upper Cerdagne. Members of the club, to the number of one hundred, are to be entertained and housed both evenings in the comfortable hotels of Vernet-les-Bains. Of greater interest to English sportsmen and sportswomen is the circumstance that the new line brings Mont Louis within easy reach of visitors to that popular winter Spa.



Ski-ing on the Pyrenees, near Vernet-les-Bains

A Good Hair Tonic

The Ileita Company's Hop and Rosemary Hair Tonic is a most effective remedy for dandruff and weakness of the scalp, and is not merely a stimulating lotion, but a real tonic, which strengthens the scalp naturally, helps in a great measure to stop an excess of falling out, and clears the scalp of all acidity and thickening, thus encouraging the new hair to come through in a strong and healthy condition. Hop and Rosemary Hair Tonic may be had specially prepared for white and fair hair. Where it is found to be rather drying, it is advisable to use Violet Oil, a special preparation of pure animal fat, distilled with the violet flower. Both the Tonic and Violet Oil may be obtained at 6*s.* and 3*s.* 6*d.* respectively from the Ileita Company, 14, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, W.

Timeball in Kingsway

Among the novel features in building construction in Kingsway may now be seen a timeball, which has been erected over the dome of Benson's Advertising Offices, and is visible from Holborn and Aldwych. This timeball travels slowly up the mast ten minutes before each hour from 9.0 a.m. to sunset, and is released by signal from Greenwich exactly at the hour. It is remarkable that so useful a method of communicating Greenwich time to the public is rarely seen in this country.

A New Bridge-Marker

A decided novelty in the shape of a bridge-marker has just been introduced by the Yost Typewriter Company, of 50, Holborn Viaduct, London. The marker is well made and free from advertisement. The pictures at the head of each page are by a well-known artist, and quaintly humorous. The markers are retailed at 3*d.* each, and will be sent post free for 4*d.* each.

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